ENGLAND'S RING HEROES—30 PORTRAITS.

The Mirror of Life

ACCURATE ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE LEADING EVENTS OF THE DAY

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FLIRTED WITH CARRIER PIGEONS.

How a Husband Spoilt his Wife's Flirtation and Killed off a Batch of Pigeons.

The Mirror of Life

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13 WEEKS 13

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OUR MOTTO.

"Be Just and Fearless."

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Subscriber.—You can order it of your newsagent.
H. A., Margate.—We decline with thanks.
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J. B., Dundee.—Thanks for communication.
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C. L., Bath.—Send us the name of your newsagent, and we will see that he is supplied regularly.
Tim., Brighton.—If you experience any difficulty in purchasing our paper every Wednesday morning, send us the name of your newsagent.
O. W., Carlisle.—We have no use for such contributions.
S., Birmingham.—It appears elsewhere in this issue.
Reader.—See record of George Willson.
E. S.—Your request has been complied with.
S. M., Mile End.—See reply of James Rymer.

Will wonders ever cease? Notwithstanding we printed an edition in excess of our orders last week, we were entirely sold out before noon Wednesday, and it was necessary for a reprint. The rise in the circulation of The Mirror of Life has been one of the most remarkable occurrences in the newspaper world, and not a day passes but that we receive increased orders from all parts of the United Kingdom. We have been under the impression that a year hence our circulation would run into six figures; now we desire to correct our predictions, and place the time limit at six months. The British public know when they are given a good thing, and congratulatory letters therefore keep reaching us by every post. The present issue figures as the best we have yet produced, and we are justified in saying that our next will be still better. We are like good soldiers—never look behind—and no time or expense will be spared in producing from week to week the best illustrated sporting journal extant.

"Chalk" has forsaken his new suit of clothes, and now blooms out in his "old togs" again. That is the reason he is again giving so many winners each week. He is by no means invincible, but a glance at his anticipations and those of the turf journals will readily convince you that "Chalk" possesses more solid horse knowledge than a majority of the noted writers of the day.

* * *

To the "coves what love a mill, and can judge a fighting man," the full page group of the prize ring heroes of olden time will prove a treasure. Much time has been expended in getting together the records condensed and accurate. The "key" on the inside page will enlighten the reader as to the personality of each man.

* * *

Our sporting anecdotes in the current number will no doubt be favourably received by the sporting fraternity. We propose keeping them up to the standard each week.

* * *

The Anti-Gambling League were given a set-back at Northampton the other day, and it is hardly likely that much success will attend any efforts to suppress book-making at racecourses. The cry against gambling is preposterous, because we are all gamblers, and it is a gamble on our existence whether it be one of health and wealth, or adversity and ill-health. The tradesman gambles in his way on how much he can sell and the profit to be derived from sales. The working man gambles on getting steady employment. The rich man gambles on how much interest he can get on his money. We gamble on how rapidly our circulation will increase, and so it goes the world over. It is but a life of gamble, and why should any move be made to deprive the man who desires to speculate on a national pastime from doing what his judgment dictates?

* * *

Good things are decidedly scarce, and, as old women frequently say, they come slow. The Mirror of Life is a good thing, and the circulation is coming faster than that of any paper ever produced. Our readers should profit by the suggestion and secure the paper every Wednesday. You can't afford to drop it even a week, because you will lose information valuable and interesting.

* * *

Hair-Dressing parlours and public-houses should always keep The Mirror of Life on file for the benefit of customers. Proprietors of such places will certainly find it to their advantage financially to accept this "tip," because the people who patronise such establishments frequently display an inclination to look over interesting journals, and The Mirror of Life is at the head of that list.

GAVE HIM AN ELECTRIC SHOCK.

Deadwood Pete Gets a Dose He Fails to Relish.

(*Subject of Illustration.*)

"If you go into a public-house and see an instrument to test your strength attached to the wall, leave it alone," says a Butte City, Montana, Correspondent, "because it is any odds that it is an arrangement fixed to catch mugs and give them an electric shock. The bar tender turns on the electricity from behind the bar by just pressing a key. Whilst in a place the other day, they badgered Deadwood Pete into trying his strength and immediately he got hold of the handles the electricity was turned full on, and it was amusing the way in which he howled with rage. When the bar tender shut off the current, Pete slunked down and out of the place, whilst the party present enjoyed a huge laugh at his expense."

GET YOUR MONEY'S WORTH.

In purchasing The Mirror of Life you are given a Weekly Journal of which eight pages are made up solely of expensive woodcuts, the illustrations being drawn by the very best artists obtainable. It gives you incidents in an accurate and striking manner.

Our reading columns comprise spicy news such as is interesting to all classes. The Mirror of Life will not at any time touch on the borders of immorality, because sensational news can be written in a bright way without a tendency to corrupt humankind.

We claim in pugilism to be ahead of any weekly published in any part of the world.

Our motto is at all times to be just and fearless.

KICKS FROM THE EDITOR.

We Paid the Fine.—It is seldom we lose control of our legs, and when we do we present a sorry plight. The other night we got in with a party who treated us to several pints of bitter—and how we did enjoy them, too. Then we went to see a glove fight. Whether it was from overwork, the closeness of the atmosphere, or from the odour arising from the vile tobacco smoked by the audience, we will never be able to say, but we did get deathly ill. We struck for the open air to dispel the faintness. Our legs carried us some distance off and then gave completely away. There was no alternative but to sit down in a passage way, and before we had comfortably settled a Bobby hove in view and ordered us to move on. We couldn't get up, so we grabbed the Bobby's legs and down he came alongside of us. We tried to explain matters, but to no avail. We were taken bodily off, and the following morning we told Mr. Justice we wouldn't deny any charge made, but it was our first offence, and we would exercise more caution in future.

"In that case," said Mr. Justice, "I am disposed to let you off, but haven't I seen you before?"

Now we thought we were sure of acquittal, and remarked that our house was directly back of his.

"Can you play any instrument?"

"Certainly, your worship," we said, "we play the cornet beautifully."

"That's what I thought; I've wanted to get even with you for a long time for making such a noise so early every morning—40s. and costs."

That made us dead sick at heart. We had to send for the boss of our show to take us out so we could write up our paper. Now, Mr. Justice, you squint-eyed, knock-kneed, round-shouldered specimen of humanity, we shall show you how good our lungs are and hereafter you shall hear our cornet at five a.m., and we shall blow for at least an hour steady. At midnight we shall favour you with an occasional note, too. You wanted to get even, did you? Well, we'll show you who will get even; our lungs are good, and we shall blow for all we are worth, and when we get winded we shall pinch the baby and make him cry loud enough for you to hear. You picture of misery, you have rubbed us up the wrong way this time; and when you move we move to the same neighbourhood too. You won't lose us in a hurry.

* * *

A strike on his Money.—When men about town meet people who don't squander their money in public-houses, they usually say that the prudent ones keep a string on to their money so as to draw it back. A man who wagers on a sure thing is accused of having a rope tied to his money, and so, many jocular remarks are made regarding men whom you meet. We can quote a record where a man really keeps a string tied to his cash. It is the only actual case we ever knew of. The other day John Donaldson, of the "Gentleman Jack" Company, paid us a visit, and before leaving invited us out to take a drink. Of course, we couldn't let such a golden opportunity slip through our fingers, so we accepted. After we were served John asked the barmaid how much the bill was, and on being told, he extracted from his waistcoat pocket a small purse, attached to which was a string. It went once around his body and twice around the purse for safety. We told Donaldson that his was the first case on record where a string was actually tied around his money, and with all the sincerity possible he declared that his money was earned by the sweat of his brow, and many a punch he got before the pieces reached his fingers, and he therefore didn't propose to let it go too easy. We give John credit for his prudence, and hope he will always have a well-filled purse and ample string to protect all he gets, because it don't come easy.

* * *

We Earned the Money.—It is a difficult matter to induce a fighter to describe the sensation experienced from a knock-out, and as our boss wants to be ahead of the times he asked us to undergo the ordeal, agreeing to give us ten bob as a salve to heal our pain. We wanted the ten bob, and didn't want the knock-out, because we felt sure that the fighter that accomplished the trick would ever afterwards crow about it. Our greed for money eventually got the better of our judgment, and we submitted to the inevitable. Now, if we had been put against a man like Corbett we shouldn't have felt the disgrace; on the contrary, we should have boasted about what a hard battle we gave him; but we met a fellow about our size, so we fought for all we were worth. As long as he kept punching at our head we were reasonably safe, but when he set about our ribs it struck the wrong spot. Our hands dropped, and before we knew what had come we got a blow on the left side of the neck that settled the whole business. Our legs quivered, then stiffened, and every muscle in our body became rigid. We fell prone on our back, and lapsed into insensibility. How long we lie so we shall never say, but while in that condition we imagined we were overflowing with wealth, had at our command a retinue of servants and each of them held out a tankard of beer, which in bulk would have been sufficient to float a full rigged ship. Just as we were reaching out our hands to take two of the proferred drinks, we regained our senses and found our hands fanning the air, and the boss dashing water in our face. We asked where we were, and he wished to know if we were hurt. On being carried to the dressing room, we felt as though a hundred weight rested on our skull. How our head did ache! We woke up the next morning with a head ache, and worst of all our ribs were that sore and painful that we couldn't raise the left arm to a level with the shoulder. Our wife assisted in arranging our toilet, and though she got the ten bob she said we were a fool, after we told the story. We are boarding out in a secluded spot, and send our copy to the office by messenger until it becomes ancient history, because if we struck our usual haunts we would find the people we know tittering over the joke. We did think we had a few friends, but find that our purse is our best friend, even though it is empty three-parts of the time. It was several days before the dizziness wore off, and fully a week before we could take a full breath without getting a pain in our side.

* * *

In Search of a Boy.—It does appear difficult for us to keep a boy any great length of time, and it is beyond our powers of reasoning why we should find it so. During the past six months we have had least a dozen lads, and none have ever returned for the wage due them. We hire anything in the shape of a lad that comes along, and a week or two is sufficient to satisfy his appetite for work, so far as our shop is concerned. Once they quit they avoid our side of the street, and if we happen to pass through the neighbourhood where they reside the doors are securely barred up till we get safely out of distance. Next week we shall procure a new suit of clothes, and in that way disguise ourselves till we can corner a lad who will bind himself to stay with us for a year at least.

PRIZE RING HEROES OF OLDEN TIMES.

Veterans from the Time of Figg to Jem Ward.

(With Portraits.)

We publish on page 8 a group containing the portraits of Great Britain's prize ring heroes from the time of Figg to Jem Ward. As they were taken from original photographs of the men, the likeness of each is therefore correct, and will no doubt be appreciated by all lovers of the manly art. The records given are in a condensed form. Appended is the key:—

1. Jem Ward
2. Jem Burn
3. Barney Aaron
4. Sambo Sutton
5. Tom (Paddington) Jones
6. Gentleman Jackson
7. Jem Belcher
8. Abe Belasco
9. Tom Molineaux
10. Tom Cribb
11. Dick Curtis
12. Harry Pearce
13. Dutch Sam
14. Tom Belcher
15. Josh Hudson
16. John Gully
17. Peter Crawley
18. Figg
19. Stevenson
20. John Broughton
21. J. Smith (Buck Horse)
23. Dan Mendoza
24. Whitehead Bob Baldwin
25. Tom Cannon
26. Tom Oliver
27. Tom Hickman
28. Tom Spring
29. Alec Read
30. Power

Performances of the Men.

Ward, Jem (Champion), born Dec. 25, 1800, wt 12st 7lb, b D. Acton, £25, 14½m, 6r, Moulsey, June 12, 1822; b Burke (brother to Woolwich Burke), £20, 7m, Harpenden, Sept 10, 1822; dr with Abbott; b Ned Baldwin, £5, 19m, 20r, Wimbledon, Feb 4, 1823; b Rickers, £60, 15m, 8r, Lansdowne, July 4, 1823; b Jemmy the Black, purse, 18m, 8r, Southampton, Aug. 20, 1823; bn by Josh Hudson; b Sampson, £100, 48m, 25r, Colnebrook, June 21, 1824; b Sampson, £100, 87½m, 27r, Park Lodge, Dec. 28, 1824; b Tom Cannon, £500 a-side, 10m, 10r, at Warwick, July 19, 1825; b Phil Sampson, in a turn-up, 10s, Norwich, June 30, 1826; bn by Peter Crawley; b Jack Carter, £50 a-side, 32m, 16r, Shepperton Range, May 27, 1828; ft to Simon Byrne, £100, Leicester Hoax, March 10, 1829; b Simon Byrne, £200 a-side, 77m, 33r, Willeycuts, July 12, 1831. On the 14th of July, 1831, a Champion's Belt given to Ward, at Harry Holt's benefit.

Burn, Jem, born in Yorkshire, March 15, 1804, wt 12st 8lb, b O'Neale, £50 a-side, 49m, 30r, Chertsey, July 26, 1824; dr with Jack Martin, Oct. 26, 1824; bn by Ned Neale twice; bn by Sampson; b Pat M'Gee (foul blow), £100 a-side, 30m, 23r, Lichfield Racecourse, July 25, 1826; b Ned Baldwin, £100 a-side, 33m, 20r, Noman's Land, April 24, 1827; bn by Ned Baldwin; received £10 ft from the Devonshire Giant, Randall, Feb. 21, 1844.

Aaron Barney (J.), born Nov. 21, 1800, in Duke's Place, Aldgate, wt 10st, b Ned Stockman, £25 a-side, 40m, 39r, Blindlow Heath, May 6, 1823; b Lenny, £25, 15m, 11r, Harpenden Common, Aug. 5, 1823; b F. Redmond, £25, 32m, 29r, Moulsey, Dec. 30, 1823; b Warren, 50gs, 23m, 29r, Colnbrook, April 6, 1824; ft to Dick Curtis, Warwick, Nov. 23, 1824; bn by A. Matthewson; b Dick Hares, £50, 41r, Noman's Land, March 21, 1826; bn by Dick Curtis; received ft from F. Redmond, £50, Aug. 21, 1827; b F. Redmond, £50, 42r, 72m, Noman's Land, Oct. 23, 1827; b Marsh Bateman, £40, Lansdowne Racecourse, July 4, 1828; bn by Harry Jones; b Jem Raines, £50 a-side, 28m, 13r, Navestock Green, Essex, May 26, 1829; bn by Tom Smith; died 1859.

Sutton, Sambo, b Nick Ward, £5 and a purse, 12r, Tottenham, May 27, 1836; bn by Harry Preston; second fight with Nick Ward, £50 a side, interrupted at Bicester, March 27, 1838; bn by Bungaree; b Bungaree, £50 a-side, 8r, 11m, nr Gravesend, March 21, 1843; died in Sutton Street, Waterloo Road, Sept. 7, 1851.

Jones, Tom (Paddington), born 1769, wt 10st 5lb, b Sailor (One-eye), three battles for 10gs, 5gs, and 7gs, Hyde Park, Feb., 1786; b Jack Holmes, 1½g, Harley Fields, Dec. 19, 1786; b Aldridge, 2gs to a watch, 60r, Marylebone, Dec. 19, 1787; draw with Caleb Baldwin, £20, Smitham Bottom, May 14, 1792; b A. Challice, 30gs. sub., 15m, Bentley Green, Sept. 5, 1792; b Keeley Lyons (J.), 20gs, 10m, Blackheath, May 10, 1794; b Keeley Lyons, 10gs, 10m, 9r, Hounslow, June 22, 1795; b the Chaffcutter, 4gs, 38m, 22r, Two Waters, Herts, April 6, 1797; bn by Jem Belcher; bn by Isaac Bitton; b G. Nicholls, 40gs, 4r, Norwood Common, March, 1802; b Simpson, 10gs, 10r, Edgware-road, June, 1804; b Lyons, 10gs, 15m, Blackheath, August 6, 1805; died at Paddington, August 2, 1835, aged 64. Jones fought a vast number of minor battles, and was long "the Master of the Ceremonies at the Fives and Tennis Courts."

Jackson, Mr. Joon, born Sept. 25, 1769, in London, wt 14st, b Fewterell, 67m, Smitham Bottom, Croydon, June 9, 1788; bn by George the Brewer; b Mendoza, 200gs, 104m, Hornchurch, Essex, April 15, 1795; died of paralysis, at his residence, 4, Grosvenor Street, Eaton Square, Oct. 7, 1845, aged 76.

Belcher, Jem, born at Bristol, April 15, 1781, b Britton, 33m, nr Bristol, March 6, 1798; b T. Jones, 25gs, 33m, Wormwood Scrubbs, April 12, 1799; dr with Jack Bartholomew, £20, Uxbridge Road, Aug. 15, 1799; b Jack Bartholomew, 300gs, 20m, 17r, Finchley Common, May 15, 1800; b Gamble, 50gs, 7m, 5r, Wimbledon, Dec. 22, 1800; b Bourke, (turn-up), 19m, Wimbledon, July 13, 1801; b Bourke, 100gs, 25m, 16r Hurley Bottom, Nov. 25, 1801; met Bourke, at Gruelthorp, for £1,450 a-side, but a dispute arising, the money was drawn, and Belcher received £50 for his trouble, but he beat Bourke in a turn-up at Camberwell Fair, Aug. 19, 1802, adjourned to next day, when he again beat him in 14r, for a subscription of 30gs; b Firby, 100gs, 20m, 11r, near Linton, Essex, April 12, 1803; bn by Pearce, the Chicken; bn by Tom Cribb twice; lost his eye playing rackets, 1803; died July 30, 1811.

Belasco, Aby (J.), born April 9, 1797, wt 10½st, b J. Hudson, 10gs, 30m, nr Woolwich, 1817; b Jack Payne, 8gs, 17m, 16r, Moulsey Hurst, April 3, 1817; bn by Tom Reynolds; bn by Jack Randall; bn by Cy Davis; b the Whitcomb Man, 20gs, 12m, Cheltenham, April 7, 1818; b Joe Townsend, 10gs, 24m, Coventry, Dec. 9, 1818; dr with Sampson, 50gs, 11r, Potter's Street, Essex, Feb. 20, 1820; b Sampson, glove-fight, 9r, Martin Street, Feb. 29, 1820; b J. Hudson (room fight), £5, 40m, 35r, Norwich, July 19, 1820; bn by Sampson twice; b Halton, £50, 27m, 11r, Harpenden, April 8, 1823; b George Weston, purse, £16, 3r, Shepperton Range, May 25, 1824.

Molineux, Young (B.), born 1813, wt 11st (Jem Wharton, the Morocco Prince), b M'Keevor, £10 a-side, 54m, 38r, Whetstone, April 16, 1833; b Evans, £5 a-side, Greenstreet Green, Oct. 21, 1834; b Wilsden, £10, 22m, 12r, Colney Heath, Jan. 20, 1835; b Bill Fisher, £24 a-side, 70m, 49r, nr Newcastle, Nov. 25, 1835; dr with Tom Britton, £50 a-side, 4h 7m, 200r, Buerton, Cheshire, Feb. 9, 1836; b H. Preston, £100 a-side, 61m, 16r, nr Newcastle, April 18, 1837; b W. Renwick, £25 a-side, 86r, nr Newcastle-on-Tyne, Oct. 31, 1837; b Renwick, £100 a-side, 65m, 74r, Shap Fells, Westmoreland, June 18, 1839.

Cribb, Tom, born at Hanham, Gloucestershire, July 8, 1781, wt 14st 3lb (Champion, and presented with a belt), b Maddox, 25gs, 132m, 76r, nr Highgate, Jan. 7, 1805; b Tom Blake, 40gs, Feb. 15, 1805, Blackheath; b Ikey Pig (J.), 40gs, 11r, Blackheath, May 21, 1805; bn by George Nicholls; b Richmond, 25gs, 90m, Hailsham, Sussex, Oct. 8, 1805; b Jem Belcher, £200 a-side, 35r, 41m, Moulsey, April 8, 1807; b Horton, 100gs, 25r, near Market Street, Herts, May 10, 1808; b Gregson, 500gs, 23r, Moulsey Hurst, Oct. 25, 1808; b Jem Belcher, 200gs, 40m, 31r, Epsom Downs, February 1, 1809; b Molineux, 200gs a-side, and 100gs, 55m, 39r, Copthall Common, Dec. 10, 1810; b Molineux, £600, 20m, 11r, Thistleton Gap, Leicester, Sept. 28, 1811; presented with a cup, value 80gs, Dec. 20, 1811; b Carter (room turn-up), Oxendon Street, Feb. 1, 1820; died in High Street, Woolwich, May 11, 1848; monument erected to his memory in Woolwich Churchyard, May 1, 1851.

Curtis, Dick, born Feb. 1, 1802, wt 9st, b Watson, 5gs, 25m, Moulsey Hurst, June 27, 1820; b Brown, £20, 57m, 15r, nr Maidstone, Aug. 28, 1820; b Lenny, 25gs, 39m, 29r, Moulsey Hurst, Oct. 22, 1821; b Geo. Cooper, 18gs, 15m, 7r, Epsom Downs, May 23, 1822; b Peter Warren, £30, 20m, 10r, Colnbrook, July 25, 1822; dr with Peter Warren, £25, 16m, Moulsey, April 16, 1823; b Peter Warrer, £50, 9m, 1r, Crawley Hurst, July 8, 1823; b Hares, £100, 20r, 30m, Shepperton Range, May 25, 1824; received ft from Barney Aaron, at Warwick, Nov. 23, 1824; b Warren, £20, Epsom Downs, 8m, 6r, May 19, 1825; b Warren, £100 to £90, 13m, 7r, Warwick, July 19, 1825; b Edward Savage (turn-up), 16r, Castle Tavern, Aug 5, 1825; b Barney Aaron, £100 a side, 50m, 9r (stage), Andover, Feb. 27, 1827; b Jack Tisdale, £120 to £100, 61m, 16r, Staines, Oct. 9, 1827; b a coalheaver (turn-up), 5r, Blackfriars Road, Jan. 22, 1828; bn by Perkins; died in Southwark, Sept. 16, 1843.

Pearce, H. (Game Chicken), born at Bristol, in 1777 (Champion), b Bourke, 20m, 15r, Martin's Street, Aug. 11, 1803, b Bourke, 100gs, 77m, 24r, Putney Common, Jan. 23, 1804; b Spree, 50gs, 35m, 29r, Moulsey Hurst, March 11, 1805; b Carte, 50gs, 35m, 25r, Shepperton, Surrey, April 27, 1805; b J. Gulley, 600gs to 400gs, 77m, 64r, Hailsham, Sussex, Oct. 8, 1805; b Jem Belcher, 500gs, 35m, 18r, Blythe, Notts, Dec. 6, 1805; died April 3, 1809.

Dutch Sam, Young (Sam Evans), born Jan. 30, 1808, Rag Fair, wt 10½st, b Ned Stockman, 17r, 37m, £25 a-side, Knowl Hill, Maidenhead, July 5, 1825; b Harry Jones, £25 a-side. 58m, 18r, Sheremere, Beds, Oct. 18, 1825; b Tom Cooper, 38m, 15r, Grays, Essex, April 25, 1826; b Carroll, £50, 16r, Ascot Heath Races, June 7, 1826; b Gipsy Cooper, £50 a-side, 68½m, 9r (stage), Andover, Feb. 27, 1827; b Dick Davis, £100 a-side, 30r, 214m, Haversham, June 19, 1827; grabbed by the traps, and forfeited to Bishop Sharpe, at Noman's Land, Oct. 23, 1827; b a big carman (turn-up), 5r, London Bridge, Feb. 25, 1828; b Jack Martin, £100 a-side, 16r, 71m, Knowl Hill, Berks, Nov. 4, 1828; b Ned Neale, £100 a-side, 101m, 71r, Ludlow, April 7, 1829: matched with Ned Neale, £220 to £200 (Neale grabbed, fight postponed), Dec. 1, 1829; b Ned Neale, £220 to £200, 52m, 14r, nr Bumstead, Essex, Jan. 18, 1831; dr with Preston, £150 a-side, at Ludlow, June 11, 1833, Sam having been arrested and bound over; b Tom Gaynor, £300 to £200, 125m, 17r, nr Andover, June 24, 1834; ft to Reuben Martin, in consequence of his having seconded Owen Swift in his fight with Brighton Bill; died of decline, Nov. 4, 1843.

Belcher, Tom, born at Bristol, 1783, b Warr, jun., 23m, 19r, Tothill Fields, June 26, 1804; bn by Bill Ryan; b O'Donnell, 20gs, 15r, Shepperton, April 27, 1805; b Ryan, jun., 25gs, 50m, 29r, near Chertsey, June 4, 1805; bn by Dutch Sam; dr with ditto, July 28, 1807; bn by ditto; b Dogherty, 10gs, 45m, 33r, Epsom Downs, April 14, 1808; b Cropley, 50gs, 56m, 34r, Moulsey Hurst, Oct 25, 1808; b Farnborough, 20m, Epsom Downs, Feb. 1, 1809; b Silverthorne, 100gs and £50, 19m, 7r, Crawley Heath, June 6, 1811; b Dogherty, 100gs, 35m, 26r, Curragh of Kildare, April 23, 1813; b Scroggins, 20m, 5r, Castle Tavern, April 10, 1822; died Dec. 9, 1854.

Hudson, Josh, wt 12st, b Jack Payne (the butcher), 10gs, 35m, Dartford Brim, Oct. 22, 1816; bn by Aby Belasco; b Street, £10, 70m 62r, near Woolwich, April 5, 1817; b C. Martin, 10gs, 30m, Sawbridgeworth, June 10, 1817; b Thompson, 10gs, 25m, near Woolwich, July 17, 1817; bn by Bowen; b Williams (waterman), 10gs, 35m, opposite Woolwich, April 27, 1819; b Scroggins, 25gs, 18m, 11r, Moulsey, Aug. 24, 1819; b Sampson, 10gs a-side, and £10, 40m, 25r, Wallingham Common, Oct. 26, 1819; bn by Martin; b Jack Rasher, 10gs to 8gs, 29m, 15r, Plaistow, Jan. 11, 1820; b Benniworth, 50gs, 7m, Billericay, Essex, April 4, 1820; bn by Tom Spring; b Williams, Swell, £50, 9m, 6r, Moulsey, Dec. 5, 1820; bn by Turner; b Sampson, 50gs, 32m, 28r, Banstead Downs, March 3, 1821; b Bowen (the Calker), £100, 8r, Wimbledon, Feb. 5, 1822; b Barlow, 6r, 6m, St. Alban's, Sept. 10, 1822; bn by Shelton; b Jem Ward, 100gs, 36m, 14r, Moulsey Hurst, Nov. 11, 1823; bn by Cannon twice; bn by Sampson; died Oct. 8, 1835, Flying Horse, Milton Street, Finsbury, aged 38.

Gully, John, born Aug. 21, 1783, bn by Pearce; b Bob Gregson, 200gs, 26r, near Newmarket, Oct. 14, 1807; b Bob Gregson, 200gs, 75m, 28r, near Market Street, Herts, May 10, 1808; declined the title of Champion, which descended to Tom Cribb; elected for Pontefract, Dec., 1832.

Figg (Champion), opened his theatre in the Oxford Road, where the sword and single-stick were royally patronised, and occasionally fists, though seldom, 1719; b Sutton (Gravesend pipe-maker), at the theatre (minute time); b the Venetian Gondolier, 1733; died 1734, succeeded by G. Taylor.

Stevenson (B.), was beaten both by Carter and Robinson.

Taylor, George (Champion), erected his Great Booth, Tottenham Court Road, 1734; bn by Jack Broughton, Great Booth, Tottenham Court Road, 1740; b Prince Boswell (gipsey), Great Booth, June 16, 1741; b J. Slack, 25m, purse, Oxford Street, Jan. 31, 1750.

Mendoza, Dan, born 1763, b Harry the coalheaver, 40r, 118m, Mile End, 1784; b Sam Martin, 25gs, 20m, Barnet, April 17, bn by Humphries twice; b Humphries, 70m, 65r, Stilton, Hants, May 6, 1789; b Humphries, 260gs, 73m, 72r, Doncaster, Sept. 29, 1790; b Squire Fitzgerald, *nir*, 26m, Dublin, Aug. 2, 1791; b Bill Warr, 200gs to 300gs, 23r, Smitham Bottom, May 14, 1792; b Bill Warr, small stakes, 17m, Bexley Heath, Nov. 12, 1794; bn by Jackson; b Harry Lee, 50gs, 70m, 53r, near Bromley, March 21, 1806; bn by Owen; died Sept. 3, 1836, in Horse Shoe Alley, Petticoat Lane, aged 73.

Baldwin, Ned (White-headed Bob), born May 6, 1803, wt 11st 7lb, bn by Jem Ward; b Delay, £50, 42m, 25r, Moulsey, Hurst, Feb. 11, 1824; bn by Ned Neale; ft to Ned Neale, July 26, 1824; b G. Cooper, £200 a side, 26m, 21r, Knowle, Maidenhead, July 5, 1825; bn by Jem Burn; b Jem Burn, £100 a-side, 90m, 88r, Rascombe Lake, Derks, July 3, 1827; b Ned Neale, £250 a-side, 71m, 66r, Noman's Land, May 28, 1828; died in 1831, at the Coach and Horses, St. Martin's Lane.

Cannon, Tom, born March 14, 1790, at Eaton, b D. Smith, 20gs, 64m, 60r, Shirley Common, May 6, 1817; b J. Hudson, £100 a-side, 20m, 17r, near Blackwater, June 23, 1824; b J. Hudson, £500 a-side, 20m, 16r (stage), at Warwick, Nov. 23, 1824; bn by Jem Ward; bn by Ned Neale; committed suicide at Strand-on-the-Green, July 11, 1858.

Oliver, Tom (the Commissary), born 1789, in Bucks, wt 12st, b Kimber, 2gs, 100m, Tothill Fields, 1811; b H. Lancaster, 20gs, 18m, June 2, 1812; b Ford, 25gs, 125m, Greenford Common, Oct. 6, 1812; b G. Cooper, 25gs, 17m, 13r, Moulsey Hurst, May 15, 1813; b Painter, £50, 26m, 8r, Shepperton Range, May 17, 1814; bn by Carter; bn by Neat; b Kendrick, £50 (turn-up), 70m, 30r, Epsom Races, May 28, 1819; bn by Donnelly; b Shelton, 100gs, 51m, 39r, Sawbridgeworth, Jan. 13, 1820; bn by Painter; bn by Tom Spring; bn by Gas; bn by Abbot; b Ben Burn, £25 a-side, 24m, 6r, Hampton, Jan. 28, 1834; received three weeks' imprisonment at Oxford Assizes, for being present at Gill and Norley's fight, July 15, 1846.

Gas, Young (Tom Hickman), b Tom Gaynor, £30, 31r, Epsom Downs, May 20, 1825; dr with Reuben Martin, Oct 23, 1825; b Maurice Pope, £25 a-side, 14m, 14r, Andover, Nov. 27, 1825; b Robinson, £100 a-side, 35m, 25r, Monmouth Gap, Jan. 23, 1827; bn by Reuben Martin; ft to Piefinch, £100, April, 1828; b Hardy, £100 a-side, 45m, 34r, Langley Mill, Notts, May 12, 1829; b a Bristol man, £1, 6r, Gloucester Racecourse, Oct. 23, 1824; died at Leeds, in June, 1833.

Spring, Tom, born Feb. 22, 1795, Fownhope, Herefordshire, wt 13st 21b (Champion), b Henly, £3, 11r, Mordeford, 1814; b Stringer, 40gs and £10, 39m, 29r, Moulsey Hurst, Sept. 9, 1817; b Ned Painter, 100gs, 80m, 31r, Mickleham Downs, April 1, 1818; bn by Painter; b Carter, £150, 115m, 71r, Crawley Downs, May 4, 1819; b Ben Burn, £20, 18m, 11r, Wimbledon, Dec. 21, 1819; b Bob Burns, £100, 30m, 18r, Epsom, May 16, 1820; b J. Hudson, £20, 5r, Moulsey Hurst, June 27, 1820; b Tom Oliver, 100gs, 55m, 25r, Hayes, Middlesex, Feb. 20, 1821; b Neat, £200, 37m, 8r, nr Andover, May 20, 1823; b Langan, £300 a-side, 140m, 77r, Worcester, Jan. 7, 1824; b Langan, 500gs a-side, 108m, 77r, Birdham Bridge, near Chichester, June 8, 1824; presented with a testimonial, including a silver tankard, May 30, 1846, at the Castle Tavern, Holborn; died at the Castle Tavern, Holborn, Aug. 20, 1851; buried Aug. 25, 1851, at Norwood Cemetery; a monument raised by subscription to his memory.

Reid, Alec (Chelsea Snob), born Oct. 30, 1802, wt 10st 7lb, b Finch, 2r, Five Fields, Chelsea, 1821; b Young Abbott, a purse, 25m, Wimbledon Common, July 8, 1822; b a Walham Green Snob, 10m, Moulsey Hurst, Aug. 14, 1822; b Hearn, purse, 15m, Moulsey Hurst, Oct. 1822; b Bob Yandall, £5 a-side, 90m, Battersea Fields, Jan. 14, 1823; b Paddy O'Rafferty, £9, 63m, 51r, Hampton Common, Mar. 26, 1823; bn by Dick Defoe; b a Brompton brickmaker, purse, 45m, Crawley Downs, July 18, 1823; b Harris (waterman), £20, 15m, 14r, Moulsey Hurst, Aug. 12, 1823; b Joe Underhill, purse, £20 to the winner and £5 to the loser, 8r, 19m, Chatham Lines, Oct. 21, 1823; b J. Cooper, £20, 29m, 20r, Colnbrook, April 20, 1824; b Jubb, £100 a side, 25m, 17r, Stowe, Worcestershire, June 4, 1825; b Savage, Stortford, Sept. 21, 1825; bn by Bishop Sharpe; dr with Bishop Sharpe, £50 a side, 4r, Moulsey, Dec. 16, 1825; bn by Tom Gaynor; b a Yokel, 6r, Windsor, Oct. 17, 1826; b Bishop Sharpe, £50 a side, 87m, 91r, Noman's Land, July 15, 1828; b Perkins, £100 a-side, 60m, 54r, Oxford, May 25, 1830.

Power, Jack, born August 8, 1790; bn by Dogherty; b Frere, 25m, Combe Wood, April 11, 1809; bn by Richmond; b Jem King, 50gs a-side, and £20, 57m, 46r, Moulsey Hurst, July 16, 1811; b Carter, 200gs, 88m, 39r, Rickmansworth, Nov. 16, 1812; died June 2, 1813.

"Who is the young man that lost so heavily at the races to-day?"

"Oh, he's the sporting editor of a daily paper, who gives his readers tips on the winners."

A DRINK FOR MAN AND BEAST.

A Chicago Swell's Strange Freak in Treating His Horse to a Drink.

MADE HIM GO HOME.

An Old Rake, Caught in a Theatre with a Lady Friend, Marched Home by His Spouse.

GAVE HIM AN ELECTRIC SHOCK.

Deadwood Pete Gets a Dose He Fails to Relish.

WAR ON BOOK CANVASSERS.

A Melbourne Physician's Method to Drive them from His Office.

SPORTING ANECDOTES.

A Fighting Cat.—A cat, having a brood of kittens, encouraged her little ones to frolic in the vernal beams of noon about a stable-door. While she was joining them in their gambols, they were discovered by a large hawk, who was sailing about the barnyard in expectation of prey, and in a moment darted upon one of the kittens, and was about to disappear but for the courageous mother, who, seeing the danger of her offspring, flew at the enemy, who, to defend itself, let fall the prize. The battle became cruel to both parties, for the hawk, by the power of his wings, the sharpness of his talons, and the keenness of his beak, had for a time the advantage, cruelly lacerating the poor cat, and had deprived her of one eye in the conflict. The cat, however, with all her cunning fought till she had broken the wing of her adversary; in this state she got him more within the power of her claws, the hawk defending himself with additional vigour. At length victory seemed to favour the nearly exhausted mother, and she availed herself of the advantage, because, by an instantaneous exertion, she laid the hawk motionless at her feet, and tore off the head of the vanquished tyrant. Disregarding the loss of her eye, she ran to the bleeding kitten, licked the wounds made by the hawk's talons, purring while she caressed her liberated offspring with the same maternal affection as if no danger had assailed them.

Ah! wanton cruelty, thine hand withhold,
And learn to pity from the tale that's told.
Caress the cat, for in her we find
A grand example to instruct mankind.
Who leaves her young unguarded or unfed
Has far less virtue than this quadruped.

* * *

Didn't Know How to Box.—A good one is told of a certain professor of boxing who had been instructing the manly art to the amateur. The latter, on paying for a series of lessons, told the professor a former friend had given him a black eye, and he desired to square accounts when he had received sufficient knowledge how to use his hands. When the course of lessons had been received the young man sought out the man whom he wanted to thrash, and picked a quarrel. Instead of receiving merely a discoloured eye, he got a thorough whipping, and the following day called upon the professor more dead than alive, and almost past recognition. He was highly indignant over the result, and took the professor to task for misleading him. On calming down he gave a vivid explanation as to how he was set about, when the professor replied, "My lad, that cove is no gentleman, and don't know how to box." "He don't, don't he," responded the battered youth, "strike me if he don't know how to fight, then, and that's a game as you can't teach."

* * *

Could Stand Hot Water.—At Bolton many years ago numerous curious wagers were decided. The Swan Inn being the rendezvous of the sports, and in an argument one evening a facetious solicitor, who wore a cork leg, had a dispute with a stranger about courage of mankind, and it resulted in a wager which could hold his leg in hot water the longest time. Pails were brought in smoking hot, the solicitor immersed his leg with much seeming pain; the other did the same, and, with many awkward gestures, boldly persevered for about half a minute, keeping his eye fixed upon his opponent, who grinned and distorted his features as if really agonised. Unable to bear it longer the stranger drew out his parboiled limb and declared himself vanquished, at the same time exclaiming, "That man must be the devil incarnate, or he never could bear it," and seeing the solicitor in no haste to leave his situation, said with much feeling, "For heaven's sake, sir! desist; you'll certainly lose your leg." "And if I do," responded the solicitor, taking it deliberately out of the water, "I can buy another, they are only three guineas each." The stranger finding he had been parboiling his flesh, contending against a cork leg, was highly indignant, but he had to pay his bet just the same.

"Vanted to Make Shure of der Money."—During the time Bitton, the Jew, was fighting Paddington Jones, and at that precise period when he had the best of the battle, while sitting upon his second's knee, he felt for eighteen pence that he had put in his drawers previous to the battle; but not finding it he refused to continue the mill till a search had been instituted. Dan Mendoza, as a second, was enraged at such stupid conduct, and urged that time was expired; but all entreaties were in vain till Bitton felt the money near one of his knees, when he resumed the fight and won. "I vanted to make shure of der monee I did haf got before I try to got vat I haf to von," was Bitton's explanation of his conduct.

* * *

Couldn't Remain Speechless.—A party of sports discussing topics at a public-house in the Lancashire district one evening resulted in one of the party making a wager that he could remain silent for half-an-hour. The wager being settled, one of the company was appointed to hold the watch, the silent man believing he would be a sure winner. It appeared that, some years previously, he had been attacked with a paralytic affection, that, for a short time, deprived him of speech. On this the other built for the success of his plan. Pretending to go out for a few minutes, he made the best of his way to the silent man's house, and thus addressed his wife; "Mrs. ——, I am afraid to alarm you, but your presence is absolutely necessary at your husband's side; he hasn't spoke for fully ten minutes. I fear a return of his old complaint." The poor woman, alarmed beyond measure, hastened to her husband, and, in an agony of grief, exclaimed: "Oh, John, John; what will become of me?" She screamed with such violence, and her agitation was so great that her husband, fearful of consequences, jumped up, roaring out, "Why, thou fool, you have made me lose my wager."

* * *

He Quit when a Favourite.—Curious incidents occasionally occur in boxing contests. A match was decided not many years ago for a subscription purse. It happened that one of the combatants was much larger and heavier than the other, and his friends were in the majority. He was having considerably the worst of matters, and it looked as though he didn't relish the job he had on his hands. By way of encouragement, one of his friends shouted, "Go on, you demon, and give him one for me. You've got him beat, and you're the favourite at 2 to 1 on." The pugilist glanced over his shoulder and remarked, "I'm a favourite, am I? If that's so, blim' me, but I'll leave off before the odds shift t'other way."

* * *

What Price Soap.—A good story is told about a well-known bookmaker in the silver ring, the incident occurring some few years back. It was on a rather slack day, and the "bookie" kept up a persistent shouting of "four to one bar a couple." Several navvies congregated about, and, after listening to the shouting of odds for some little time, one of them edged up close and commenced making a series of tantalising remarks. He finally turned to the "bookie" and said, "What price so and so." He was promptly told the odds laid. "Well, then," responded the navvy, "what price soap." "It's a blessed favourite with you, you swine," replied the "Bookie," "and if you had a blooming box you couldn't get yourself clean."

* * *

His Blooming Steak Gone.—With some of the scrappers who are ever ready to engage in an impromptu battle for a small purse, a good dinner is a rarity, though they are always on the look out for a mug to put up the price of a meal. It happened not a great time since that a certain pug was surprised with a treat to a rump steak and a glass of champagne, which made him imagine he was on the borders of second heaven. After he had finished his meal he sauntered off in hopes of working another mug for a few bob. On reaching a rendezous for the fistic fraternity he was proffered a bit of gold to fight six rounds against one of his ilk for the edification of some gentlemen. The men got stripped, and squared off to earn the promised wealth. The first three rounds were of a tame description, and then the other fellow put in several heavy stomach blows. To a man who had just given his stomach a surprise to rump-steak blows in that region were by no means agreeable, and he soon turned up the job. On leaving the ring he and the rump steak parted company, when the pug, with tears in his eyes, exclaimed, "I didn't care how much he punched my blooming head, but there's the cussed steak gone." He was consoled, however, with a piece of gold and the price of another meal.

* * *

A Fight in Mid-air.—True courage was displayed in the following encounter. In July, 1818, a mason and a labourer quarrelled on the scaffolding of a spire erected on the tower of the church at Newry, in Ireland. The two fearless combatants fought near the summit of the unfinished building, where it was not quite a yard in diameter. The scaffolding and railing which encircled it included a space of about eighty inches in diameter, and here they battled at the height of 176 feet from the surface of the ground. Knock-down blows were given and received, but fortunately neither were thrown out of the ring, for if they had been precipitated to the earth, death would have been certain.

* * *

A Facetious Inquiry.—Some eighty years ago Lord Barrymore spent considerable time at Newmarket, and he was a fund of wit and humour. On one occasion he stood in the middle of the High Street, and shouted at the top of his voice—"Oh, yes!" three times, and having attracted a number of people to him, made the following general proposal:—"Who wants to buy a horse that can walk five miles an hour, trot eighteen, and gallop twenty?" "I do," responded a gentleman with manifest eagerness. "Then," replied Lord Barrymore, "if I see such an animal to be sold, I will be sure to let you know."

* * *

Enjoyed Fox-Hunting.—In Rutlandshire there was a parson, the Rev. Mr. L——. When a young man, being out with a Mr. Noll's hounds, he said to the Earl of G., who had promised him the living of T. when it should become vacant: "My Lord, the church stands on the land of promise." A short time afterwards he had been inducted, and he said: "My Lord, now the church stands on the land of possession." He had been known several times, when at prayer in the week, to leave the congregation, and join the hounds when they chanced passed in full cry; and once, when marrying a couple, left them in the middle of the service, and told them he would finish it the next morning. He died, universally lamented, and a very remarkable circumstance happened during the funeral. A fox, very hard run, was killed, after an excellent day's sport, within a few yards of the grave; at the time when the sexton was filling it in.

"Look here, Staggers! I don't believe you can look an honest man in the face."

"Well, I won't deny it until I'm brought face to face with one."

* * *

Adolphus: "I'm afraid I hit him deucedly hard. I just looked at him, you know, in a significant way, and said: 'The fools aren't all dead yet.'"

Arthur: "And what did he say?"

Adolphus: "He said, 'No; but you aren't looking well, Dolly; you'd better take care of yourself.' Wonder what in time he was driving at?"

MEMOIRS OF CAPTAIN BARCLAY.

An English Gentleman who was a Famous Pedestrian.

Captain Barclay, the English gentleman who became famous as a pedestrian, was born in 1761, and when but fifteen years of age he, in August of 1796, at Croydon, won a 100gs on wager to accomplish six miles within an hour. Two years later he defeated Ferguson by covering 70 miles in 14h.

In December, 1799, he covered 150 miles in two days by walking from Fenchurch Street to Birmingham, by way of Cambridge.

The Captain walked 64 miles in 12h, including rest, in November, 1800, as a preparatory trial to a match of walking 90 miles in 21½h on a wager of 500 guineas. He contracted a cold, and paid forfeit, but in 1801 he renewed the match for 2,000gs. He covered 67m in 13h, when sickness forced him to retire for two hours, when he recovered and completed the task. In June of 1801 he walked from Ury to Boroughbridge in Yorkshire, a distance of 300 miles in five days. On a wager of 5,000gs he covered 110m in 19h, notwithstanding it rained the whole time, and the road was one mass of mud. November 10 of the same year, on the road between York and Hull he traversed seventy miles. In August, 1802, he walked from Ury to Kirkmichael (80m), remained there a day, and returned *via* Craltynaird, a journey of 100 miles. In June, 1803, he beat Burke, the pugilist, easily in a run of 1½ miles; and the following month he walked from Charing Cross to Newmarket, a distance of 64 miles, in 10 hours. In December he turned his attention to running, and defeated John Ward in a 440 yards race in Hyde Park, covering the distance in 56sec. August 16, 1804, at Eastbourne, in Suffolk, he ran two miles within 12 minutes on a wager, and September 18, at the same place, he disposed of Captain Marston in a mile run for 100gs. John Ireland, of Manchester, was pitted against Barclay to run a mile at the same place, October 12, for 500 guineas, and Barclay won in 4min 50sec. In March, 1805, he walked from Birmingham to Wrexham, in North Wales, by Shrewsbury, a distance of 72 miles, within 12 hours; and in July he traversed from Charing Cross to Seaford, in Sussex, 64 miles, in 10 hours. In June, 1806, he walked from Charing Cross to Colchester, and then rowed from Gravesend to London and back the same day. In August he beat a Mr. Goulbourne in a 440-yard race at Lord's Cricket Grounds.

In December he walked 100 miles, over the road, including stoppages, in 19 hours. In May, 1807, Captain Barclay walked 78 miles in 14 hours, over the hilly roads of Aberdeenshire. October 12, at Newmarket, he accepted a start of 20 miles and walk to Abe Wood's running, the man covering the greatest distance in 24 hours to receive the 200-guinea stakes. At the end of six hours Barclay had covered 36 miles and Wood 40, when the latter gave in. Several who had betted on Wood declined to pay, claiming he was not beaten, and all wagers were finally declared off.

In December he ran a distance of 19 miles over a hilly road in 2h 8min. The match, which created the greatest fame for Captain Barclay, was made in October, 1808, when he wagered Mr. Webster 1,000gs that he could go, on foot, 1,000 miles in 1,000 successive hours, at the rate of a mile in each hour; the feat to be performed at Newmarket Heath, in June and July of 1809. He started on June 1. During the greater part of the time he was performing this feat it was very rainy, and toward the conclusion of the performance the captain suffered so much from spasmodic affection of his legs, that he could not walk a mile in less than twenty minutes. On Wednesday, July 12, Captain Barclay completed his arduous feat. For three days previous to the last day the crowds that went to Newmarket were so great that it was necessary to rope off the distance in the road so he could perform unmolested. Among the nobility and gentry who witnessed the last miles of the performance were the Dukes of Argyll and St. Alban's, Lords Foley and Somerville, Sir John Lade, and Sir F. Standish. Captain Barclay had £16,000 pending on the result, and the aggregate bets amounted to over £100,000. Surgeon Sandivor attended him during the performance.

Captain Barclay was an expert boxer, too, and frequently had rugged bouts with Harry Pearce, the Game Chicken; Jem Belcher, and Shaw, the Champion of England. He was, withal, a most extraordinary man.

Willie: "Grandma must be dreadfully dreadfully wicked, isn't she?"

Mamma: "Why, what do you mean? Of course she isn't."

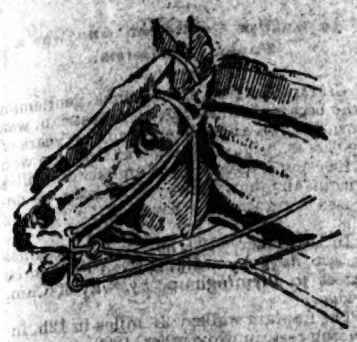
Willie: "Well, she told me her own self that the good die young."

* * *

"My wife has persuaded me to go to church with her, Sunday."

"Pleasant dreams, old man."

TURF NOTES.



ASCOT MEETING AND ALEXANDRA PARK.

Selections.

The meeting at Ascot, if favoured with fine weather, will be the best fixture yet held since the commencement of the season, and the charming scenery around the Windsor Great Park will be a feature in itself, to delight those who travel down by the Great Western Railway to the Royal domains.

The four days over which this meeting is extended will be interesting in bringing together the best animals we now have in training, and with the going in good condition—thanks to recent rains—trainers will not fear to send their charges to the post. Everything looks fresh and green, and a grand attendance will be chronicled, the élite of Society will be represented by the presence of our illustrious Prince, and should Florizel II. secure the Royal Hunt Cup enthusiastic shouts will herald the victory from all sections, for hitherto the Prince of Wales has not been favoured by the smiles of Dame Fortune upon his turf ventures. This race has been the sole topic of speculation during the past week, and the shortened prices that have been accepted about the first half dozen implies confidence from their various admirers, and as was pointed out in these columns, that in waiting until the market was more firmly established would be the only guide to the different intentions, and even at the last moment some sudden change may occur that will upset previous calculations, and a demonstration in favour of one at the start should be followed. The open appearance of the handicap suggests a tough battle, and will, I think, rest with the middle division, for reports speak favourably of Comedy, who I am told cannot lose; and that with Llanthony, Haut Brion, Victor Wild, and Oatlands, it should result in a race that will repay a visit to witness. On Thursday, although there is no handicap, the Gold Cup will bring out the champions of the past, and if Ladas were there, conclusions would have been satisfied as to which was the best at present, he or Isinglass. On Friday the Wokingham Stakes will largely depend upon the running in the Hunt Cup; Adoration and Acrobat are leniently treated, and might be handy here; the stables of Jewitt and Sherwood are again well represented, and are both all over the handicap; Woolsthorpe is not overdone with 7st 4lb, and in the trial of Friday last he easily beat Persona and another with F. Webb up, and must therefore have been carrying a good weight; and for this event I like his chance. Oatlands or Haut Brion, if no penalty has been earned, will be seen again in this, and Wedding Bell, having previously performed with credit over this course, would go close. Inferno gets nothing for his improvement with age, and his fourth of last year must not be passed over, as he is set to carry the same impost now as then, and Whisperer is so well in that whatever beats this aptly-named son of Hermit and Re-echo will be returned the winner, for on the last occasion here he was very much fancied for this race, and with 6lb less and the year thrown in he has been given the chance to retrieve that misfortune when he so disappointed his connections, and I should not be surprised to see him a good favourite again, but an easy winner. Quickly Wise at his best would have little to account for some of them, but this may be too early for his journey, and his stable companion, Northshampton, should be preferred.

The Alexandra Plate.—The opposition will be weak, and Bushey Park beat his solitary opponent, Insurance, last time; and I fail to see how a field can be expected for this three-mile trip. Callistrate may do duty elsewhere, and Red Eyes I consider the best, although Childwick's the conqueror of Orme—present condition can scarcely be rated, and if he should be sent I think his winning unlikely.

The Hardwicke Stakes, in which La Fleche seems to hold everything safe, but Ravensbury may attempt to wrest this prize from her, and with The Love, whose services little Bradford will attend, may do the unexpected, and defeat the crack. Kilmarnock may be seen out, but he cannot be made a winner on the book, and I think this is a good thing for the first-named.

The Ascot High-Weight Plate, for a closing race at this meeting, will bring out a good field. Whaddon Chase, a recent winner at Hurst Park, may be seen to advantage, and with Heremon, Glengall, and Shelley, and also Kilsallaghan, who will endeavour to secure the Stakes on Tuesday, and failing which will be handy for this. Watercress has such a crusher that he may not relish the mile and a quarter, and Mouton's earlier attempts this year point to the fact that he will be running on when others are tiring at the finish. Clwyd and Farndale will find it too far, and Glenlogan with only 7st 3lb should hold safely the youngsters of his own age.

On Saturday, for those who care for a holiday, the pleasant slopes of Muswell Hill will be their rendezvous, the quality will not be the attraction, but the sport all the same will be keenly watched by those who care to journey north of the city, where, as a rule, although the various stakes set for decision are not of the most valuable kind, a good muster is usually there to do duty, and on the present occasion acceptances for the different events are fully up to the average, and will be found to be dealt with in detail below.

The following selections to-day may anticipate the placings:—

IN THE ROYAL HUNT CUP

Comedy,

Llanthony and **Oatlands** places.

The Visitors' Plate,

Zamiel,

Carrick and Alfragan places.

The Fern Hill Stakes,

Delphes,

Sir Jacob and Chibiabos places.

The Coronation Stakes,

Jocasta,

Liebershede and Royal Victoria places.

The Ascot Derby,

Bullingdon,

Basildon and Athlone places.

The Biennial Stakes,

Sempronius,

Bluff and Golden Legend places.

The Triennial Stakes,

Carrington,

Spur Royal and Utica places.

THURSDAY.

St. James's Palace Stakes,

St. Hilaire.

St. Florian and Galston places.

The New Biennial Stakes,

Mecca,

Minting Queen and All Gay places.

The Rous Memorial Stakes,

Le Nicham,

Marnovia and El Diablo places.

The New Biennial Stakes,

Ailsa,

Glare and Cheam places.

The New Stakes,

Saintly,

Kirkconnel and Butterfly places.

The Gold Cup,

La Fleche,

Ravensbury and Grey Leg places.

The All-Aged Stakes,

Delphos,

Best Man and Choice places.

FRIDAY.

The Queen Stand Plate,

Arlette,

Freak and Orlet places.

The Triennial Stakes,

Reminder.

Galloping Dick and Speed, places.

The Wokingham Stakes,

Whisperer,

Woolsthorpe and Adoration places.

The Windsor Castle Stakes,

Bentworth,

Cheery and Tarporley places.

The Hardwicke Stakes,

La Fleche.

Ravensbury and Kilmarnock places.

The Ascot High-weight Plate,

Shelley,

Whaddon Chase and Glenlogan places.

The Alexandra Plate,

Red Eyes.

Bushey Park and Callistrate places.

SATURDAY.

ALEXANDRA PARK.

The North Metropolitan Handicap,

Leveller,

Harry Petros and Moonflower places.

The Welter Handicap,

Lovebird,

Merry Token and Loyalty places.

The Alexandra Plate,

Crawley,

Strange Event and Wharfe places.

The Auction Stakes,

Four Crosses,

Night Attack and Capitalist places.

CHALK.

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GAMBLED ON THEIR LIVES.

In the year 1881 there were few men in America better known in the sporting world than Billy Emerson, Jack Sheridan, Johnny Pratt, and Winnipeg. No one ever seemed to know just what Winnipeg's first name was, but, like the other three, he was a man whose nerve, when it came to making a heavy wager on card or horse, was never questioned. Among racing people in the east and west these four men were known and respected, for, in addition to being heavy gamblers, they were men who had never been in any way identified with any scheme or deal that was not, to use a race-track expression, "on the level." It was during the year 1886 that they were at the top notch of prosperity.

Although different in many ways, there was one common ailment among them, and it was probably this that made them such fast friends. All four were consumptives, and, although at that time the disease had barely more than shown itself, they got worse and worse as the years rolled by, until one by one they died. Although they must have known what was the trouble with them, it was utterly impossible to get any of them to acknowledge that he had consumption. If it was said to one of them that he was looking ill, he would simply laugh and say: "Never was better in my life. May have been drinking a bit and stayed up too late; but sick? Not a bit; never felt so well before," and he would slap himself on the chest and give vent to a hollow cough.

Emerson kept a swell gambling house n New York at one time, but gave it up after he became interested in the Turf. Sheridan and Pratt had been gamblers all their lives, and Winnipeg was a young man of good family and good education, who had had a little money left him, and had happened to strike luck by investing it in horse-races.

Every once in a while, nowadays, when bookmakers get together over a cold bottle and begin telling stories, the story of the "four cons," as they were called, comes up. In the Hoffman House in New York City, a bookmaker was telling the story to a number of acquaintances.

"A peculiar thing about those men," he said, "was that although none of them would ever acknowledge that he was on the brink of the grave, they would take great pleasure in guying one another about their ill health. Emerson pale and emaciated, and emitting hollow coughs, would walk up to Pratt, who was in a similar condition, and say: 'Look here, old boy, you're a sick man. Go away somewhere and recuperate. You need rest.' Then Pratt would brace up and reply indignantly: 'You go to —. What do you mean by telling me I'm sick?' and then he would stride away mad clear through.

This sort of thing went on for some time, until one day Emerson remarked to the others that he was going to have his life insured. "What!" they gasped together, "you don't think any company would take a chance on you, do you?" Emerson ignored the insinuation, and the next day had an examination for life insurance. Of course, he didn't pass. When he gloomily told the others about it they gave him the grand laugh. Then each one in turn quietly informed Emerson that he himself was going to be insured. They all tried, and all were rejected.

One day they met at the race track and Emerson remarked: "Say, boys, we couldn't get insured, but I've got a better game than that. Let's put up a thousand apiece, and the one who lives the longest takes the pot."

"Why, you poor fool," remarked Winnipeg, who was at that time the worst case of all, "it's a dead certain will for me."

"Oh, you don't say so," put in Pratt. "Why, one of your lungs is missing now, and I don't think you'll live a month."

After an hour of this sort of chaffing the four men agreed to put up the money. It was given to Billy Elliot, a bookmaker, and he deposited it in a New York bank. It was deposited in such a way that any one of a dozen bookmakers could draw it out at any time. This was done so as to be sure that the last man would be able to get the money without any trouble.

At this time poor Winnipeg was an awful sight, and people thought he would die any minute. His cheeks were pale and sunken, his eyes shone like balls of fire, he coughed incessantly, and he could scarcely totter along, he was so weak. Yet he would come to the track every day, and whenever he'd run across one of the other three, he'd guy him about the money they had put up. "You fellows will be dead and gone before they put me in bed," he'd say. Those who knew him used to smile pityingly on him whenever he made this boast.

Two months after the money had been deposited, Emerson's physician told him that he must go away or he'd die in a week. So Billy took his money and went down to Texas, where he bought a ranch and tried to settle down. In six months he was dead. Early in 1887 Sheridan died, and this left only Pratt and Winnipeg, who was verily a living corpse, to contest for the money. Pratt got worse and worse, and his condition was soon as bad as his friend's. These two used to totter around the betting ring, and when they were not betting would tell each other how bad they looked. "Jack and Billy gave gone," said Winnipeg one day, "and you're next, Johnny. That coin's mine." "You'll be dead in a week, and I'll collect that four thousand," Pratt replied, and both laughed.

The next week Pratt lost his every dollar in an attempt to make enough to leave his wife independent when he died. The week after he was too weak to get up one morning, and after being confined to his bed for a couple of days he died, leaving his wife pennyless. The very day he died the money was drawn from the bank by Elliot and given to Winnipeg. "I knew I'd win it," said the latter. "I knew I'd outlive them, and now I can't die too soon to suit myself. My living for the past six months has been a mere matter of pride, anyway."

Winnipeg had lost all his money in the same deal as Pratt, but he had no need of the 4,000 dols, for three days latter he died. Just before he breathed his last he drew the 4,000 dols he had won from beneath his pillow, and with trembling hands passed it over to Elliot, who sat at his bedside. "Give that to Johnny's widow," he said. "I haven't got a relative left on this earth, and I don't reckon it'll ever do me any good."

ERASTUS WIMAN.

At New York City, June 15, the trial of Erastus Wiman, the financier, for forgery in frauduently endorsing a cheque for 5,000dols resulted in the conviction of the accused, with a recommendation to mercy. Sevn ballots were taken before the jury agreed upon their verdict. On the first, three of the jurors voted the accused not guilty, while two were doubtful. These five ultimately agreed, however, to concur in the verdict of guilty upon the other jurymen agreeing to recommend Mr. Wiman to mercy.

TAKEN TO WHIPPET RACING.

It appears this fascinating sport has entered the hearts of the sportsmen and women of South Wales and the West of England. A most important meeting will be held at Cardiff on July 4 and 5, in the Marquis of Bute's lovely park. The events will be the Cardiff and the Principality Stakes, and these, no doubt, will be well supported. The track and enclosures are being specially made, and Mr. Freeman Lloyd, of the National Whippet Racing Club, is clerk of the course.

HE GOT THE NEWS.

"Hallo, Deemster, is that you?"

"That's just who it is, Shadwell. I've just got back to town."

"You've been away over a year, haven't you?"

"Yes, nearly two years. Been to Australia and New Zealand. What's happened to the people we know in that time?"

"Well, let's see. I believe you knew Miss Trivet, didn't you?"

"I should say I did. Knew her well. What's the news about her?"

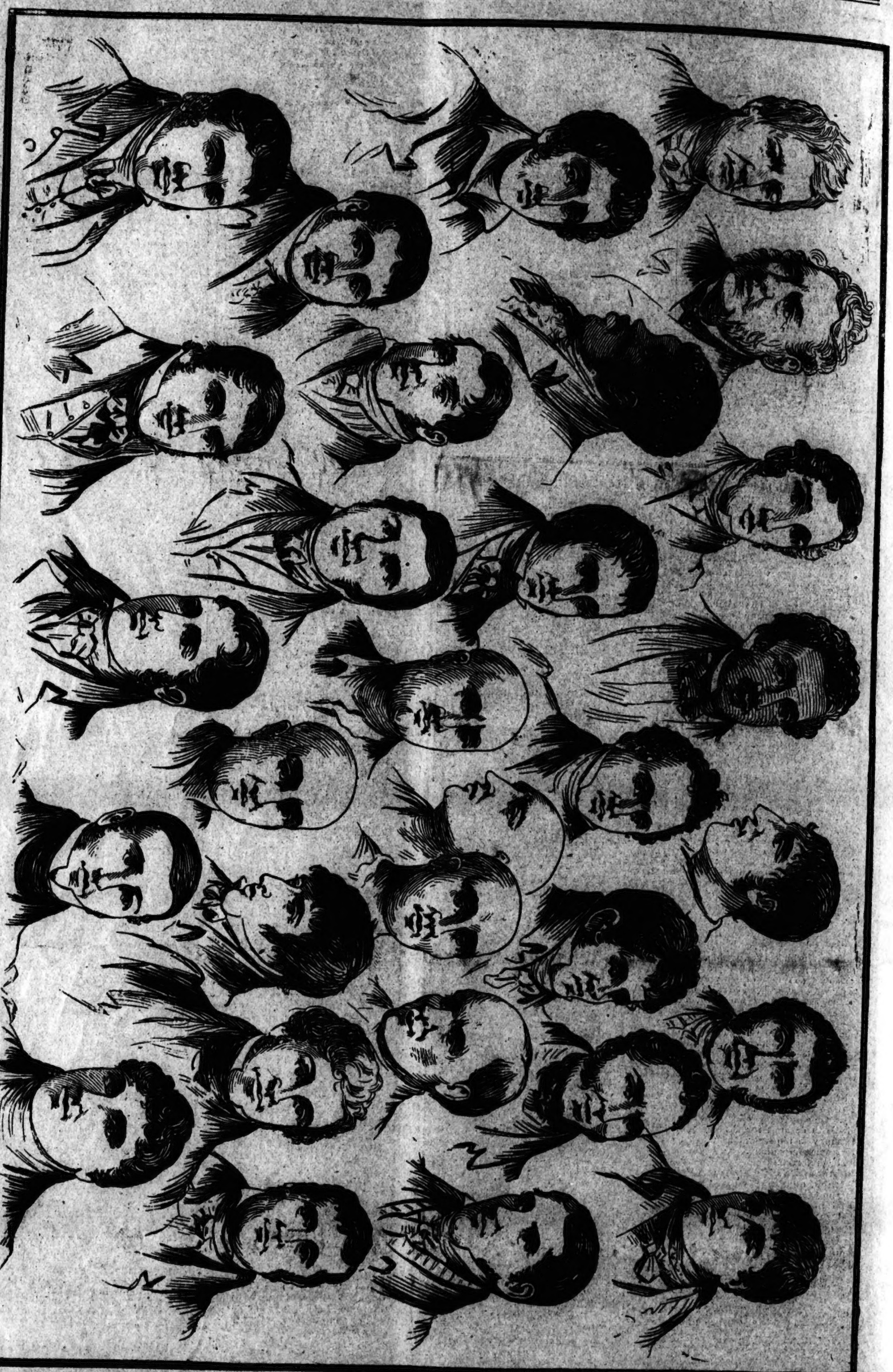
"She was married a month ago."

"You don't say! Well that is a surprise. I thought she never would have that much good luck. Whom did the ancient damsel hypotnise?"

"Well, I'm her husband."

"You! Well, congratulations, old boy! Sorry I can't stay to hear any more news just now, but the fact is I promised to meet a man in just five minutes. So long!"

"Good day!"



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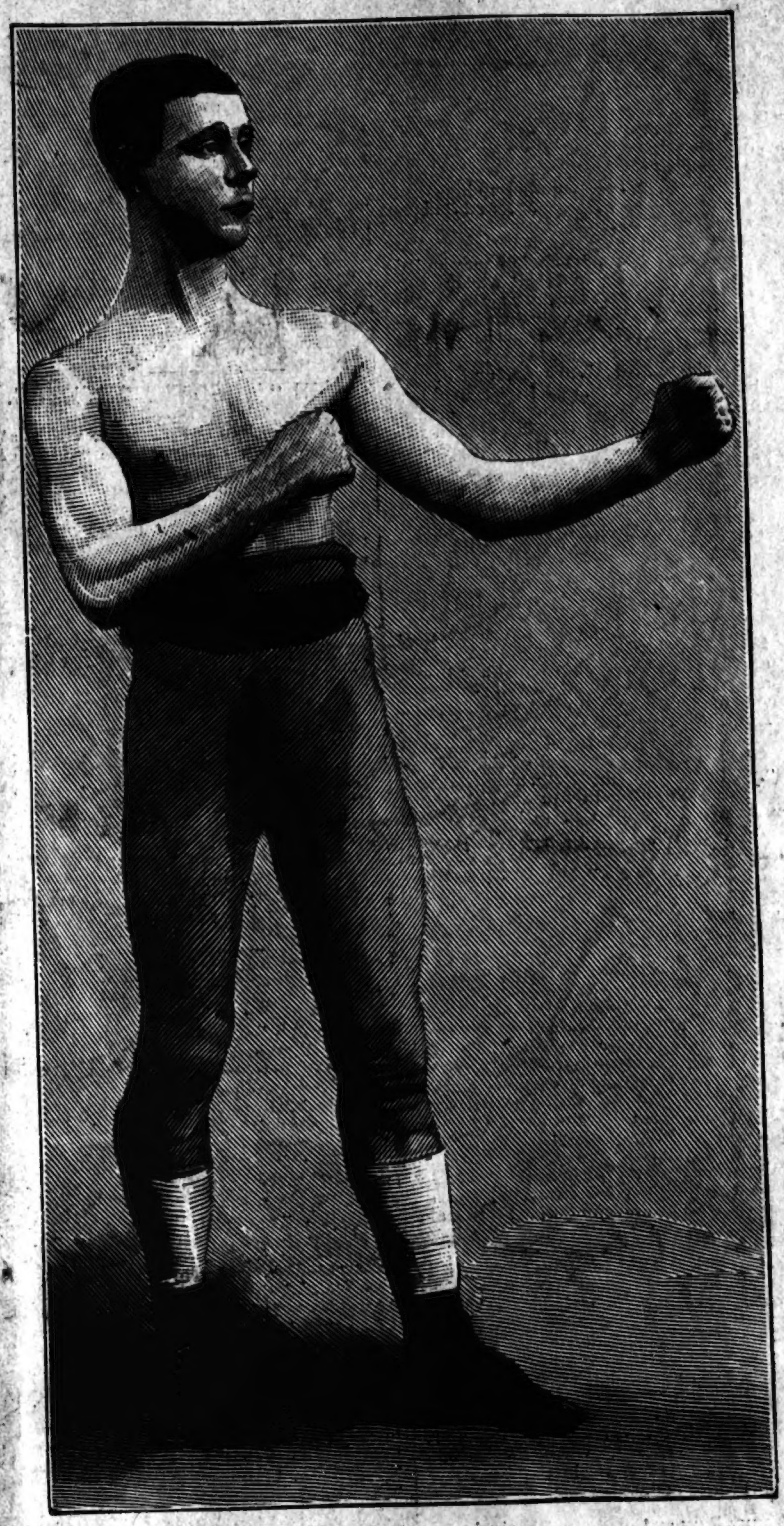

WILLIE SMITH.

Champion 8st 21b Pugilist of Great Britain.

CON GRIFFITHS.

A Wrestler who Challenges the World at Lancashire Style for £100.

GEORGE WILLSON.

A Leicester Publican and Retired Pugilist who Backs George Corfield.

AROUND THE RING.

FRANK CRAIG, the coffee cooler, and Bill Slavin, brother of Frank, met in a glove fight at the Twin City Athletic Club, Minneapolis, Minn., June 11, the winner to receive 60 per cent. of the proceeds derived from the sale of tickets. Craig went at his opponent in his usual style and slugged him all over the ring in the first round. He followed up his advantage in the second round, and knocked Slavin out of time.

* * *

HARRY SPURDEN, 9st champion, who is in training at Cambridge, had a short seige of illness; but with careful nursing he has recovered, and feels confident of defeating Darkey Barton in the forthcoming match.

* * *

C. CURLEY, of Newcastle, and J. Milburn, of Gateshead, met in the final bout of an 8st competition at the Gateshead Athletic Club, June 11. It required four rounds of hard fighting before they could find a winner in Curley.

* * *

YOUNG GRIFFO, the Australian now in the States, finds it a difficult task to procure a match with any man his weight, and has therefore consented to an eight-round bout with Jack McAuliffe, to occur at the Casino in Boston in July.

* * *

JACK HARDING possessed too many guns for Bill Johnson in a six rounds contest at Ted Hollier's Gymnasium, June 9, and after pummelling Johnson all over the ring for four rounds, the later gave in, and Harding got the award.

* * *

AT the Lambeth School of Arms, June 9, Bill Parsons, of Lambeth, slugged Tony Askew out of time in five rounds, whilst "Soldier" Murray was satisfied to quit after fighting three rounds with Jim Prosser.

* * *

THREE six round contests and an 8st competition made up an evening's programme at the St. Mary's Social Club, Edmonton, the other evening. W. Marpole and H. Maxim contested the final bout in the competition, the last-named being knocked out of time in the middle of the opening round. H. Watson and A. Hoy faced each other for the first six rounds' battle, and after three hard-fought rounds Savage secured a decided lead, forcing Hoy to hoist a signal of distress in the fourth round, after planting a savage blow over the heart. G. Warne only stood before H. Watson for two rounds, when he gracefully retired. J. Hughes and W. Macdonald boxed the stipulated time, and at the conclusion of round six Macdonald was returned a winner.

* * *

AT Bill Lee's Bermondsey Gymnasium, June 9, Alf Garrett disposed of Fred Smith in the final bout of an 8st 6lb competition.

* * *

THE Amberley Social Club gave purses for two ten-round glove contests June 11. Tom Murray and E. Vincent disputed honours in the first, which, however, lasted but two rounds, when Vincent retired. Bill Vincent stood up four rounds before Jim Toomey, when he became satisfied that he was not in the hunt and held out his hand.

* * *

TOMMY RYAN and Billy Smith, rivals for the 10st championship of America, are to fight twenty rounds, for a percentage of admission money, at the Twin City Athletic Club, Minneapolis, Minn., July 4.

* * *

W. MORTIMER'S colours for his forthcoming fight with Pedlar Palmer, in appearance, are delicate in colour and tastefully designed; a white square silk with Cambridge and salmon border, and embellished at the four corners with the shamrock, the rose and the thistle. To those who care for something neat, this is the best we have seen for some time.

* * *

JERRY MARSHALL, the Australian coloured pugilist who fought young Griffo to a draw, met Ted Glen in a glove contest at Pittsburg, U.S.A., June 14, for gate receipts. After an uneven contest Marshall knocked his opponent out in six rounds.

* * *

FOR the benefit of the cabmen a boxing entertainment was given at the Lambeth School of Arms, June 14. In a four-round contest, C. Taylor received the verdict over Bob Gibbs. In an 8st 10lb competition W. Peagram beat Denny Kelow and W. Hawkings beat C. Clapham in the trial bouts. The final went to Peagram by default, Hawkings refusing to contend.

* * *

"CODDY MIDDINGS," an East End retired pugilist, was stabbed in the back in Nile Street, Hoxton, June 14, and had to be conveyed to St. Bartholomew's Hospital for treatment.

* * *

TED RICH and Pearce, the black, engaged in a glove fight in Paris, June 15, for a purse. Three rounds were sufficient for Pearce, when he quit. Wag Ward and Ted Daley fought six hard rounds, during which time Daley had secured a decided advantage, and finally, after two knockdowns, he forced Ward to give in.

W. MORTIMER is undergoing good work at his training quarters, and will be well within the stipulated weight on the day of the match—next Monday.

Arthur Callan, his mentor, will bring his man to the ring-side as fit as hands can make him, in fact, could do so at 7st 4lb. Mortimer's work on the ball is a treat to witness; his punching is straight and effective, and the general comfort of the gymnasium where they are located is fitted up with all the modern improvements by that genial host, Felix Dennis; the shower bath, regardless of cost, has also a place within the building, and the manner of its working is very unique. Our representative, who recently paid a visit to the establishment, was assured that W. Mortimer will render a good account of himself.

THE "VIGILANT" IS HERE.

The American yacht *Vigilant* arrived at Gourock June 16, after a fine passage of 15 days 9 hours from Sandy Hook, and she has come into port in the best of condition. A representative went on board and interviewed Captain Jeffrey, who has sailed the pacht across. In answer to questions, that gentleman stated that the passage was a particularly good one, the weather having been fine throughout. They had neither to reef nor shorten sail. The average run per day was 204½ miles, and the best 256 on the 11th inst. The weather was foggy to begin with, but afterwards cleared, and the winds were generally fair and westerly; but on the 8th the *Vigilant* carried away her maintopsail. Subsequently fogs again prevailed, but the wind was still favourable. On the 10th the yacht passed an iceberg 200ft high. The *Vigilant* has a crew of thirty, all told. Her skipper, Captain Haff, will arrive in the Clyde in a few days. She will fit out and be ready for the Clyde regattas, which begin on July 3 at Largs. Captain Jeffrey added that the *Vigilant* behaved splendidly. She sailed as a yawl, with a small mainsail and headsail.

COULDN'T RUN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD.

HE was leading a vicious-looking mastiff by a leather leash, when his friend stopped him with the remark:

"I thought you didn't like dogs."

"I don't," he replied.

"Well, you've got about as big and vicious a one as you could well find."

"I know it, and I'm glad of that. I'm going to make it mighty interesting for some people up my way. You see," he explained, "everybody in the neighbourhood has a dog, and some of them have two or three. There's every kind of dog from a pug to a greyhound, and about half of them use my yard as a meeting place. I fall over them when I go home at night, and I step on them when I come out in the morning. One or more of them generally howl at night, and some of them are such all-fire watch-dogs that they not only try to keep people out of their masters' houses, but out of every house in the neighbourhood. I had a half-hour's argument with one a fewn ights ago before he would let me get into my own house.

"Now, I don't like dogs, anyway, so I remonstrated with some of the owners, but they told me that a dog was man's best friend, and that I had better go off somewhere and die. Well, that made me mad, so I up and poisoned one of the dogs, thinking they wouldn't know who did it. But they jumped at conclusions, and I was nearly mobbed. Then I tried a new plan. I began to take an interest in dogs. I told the neighbours that after all I guessed they were better than night watchmen and were exceedingly companionable. I expressed my intention of buying one myself, and I've got him," he said, chuckling. "I've got one that is warranted to chew up anything on four legs that crosses his path, and the neighbours can't say a word. They have their favourite dogs, and I have mine, and there's going to be great sport. Come up and see it.

"I reckon there'll be one dead dog a day round there, and when everything else is cleaned out I'll kill my dog. Maybe they think they can run this neighbourhood on a dog basis, but I'll bet they can't."

"But what will your wife say?"

"I don't care what she says. I'm running that place."

"How about your children?"

"Hey?"

"If you turn that vicious brute loose what's to prevent his taking a snap at them when he feels ugly?"

"Well, soak me if I ever thought of that," looking sharply at the dog and shaking his head. "Say! Those asinine dog owners have got the best of me, haven't they? But I'll fix 'em! I'll fix 'em yet! See if I don't! I'll steal the licence tag off of every one of those infernal pups, and then put the dog-catcher on. That's what I'll do! There's no infernal dog owner ever lived that can down Jeremiah Wiggins. You don't know any one who wants to buy a mastiff, do you? No? Well, I reckon I'll have to kill him and call it all a dead loss. But I'll have those licence tags! You can bet on that!"

ON LAND AND WATER.

THE first open professional golf competition ever promoted by the Cinque Ports Club was held round the nine-holes course at Deal, June 16, when thirty-two professionals competed for the £50 which had been offered in prizes (£15 going to the winner, £8 to the second man, £5 to the third, and £4 to the fourth), play being by strokes round thirty-six holes. Some fine scores were made—notably 88 for one round of nine holes by A. Herd, of Huddersfield, the ultimate winner, and 79 for eighteen holes by Hugh Kirkaldy, of Oxford. Each of these performances is a record for the green. The previous bests in the competition were by Mr. C. E. Hambro, late of Cambridge University, Herd, H. Varden, and Rolland and Taylor, all played brilliantly. Hugh Kirkaldy in the first round had very bad luck, his figures, so far, being brought up to 90, but his second 18 holes in 79 enabled him to figure in the prize list, which latter worked out as follows: A. Herd, of Huddersfield, 80 and 81—161, 1; H. Varden, of Bury, 84 and 80—164, 2; Douglas Rolland, 85 and 82—167, and J. H. Taylor, of Wincester, 86 and 81—167 (a tie for third and fourth); Willie Fernie, 83 and 86—168; Hugh Kirkaldy, 90 and 79—169. James Braid, of Elie, 88 and 86—174; A. Toogood, of Eltham, 87 and 87—174; T. Varden, of Ilkley, 87 and 90—177; C. Gibson, of Westward Ho, 93 and 84—177; W. Duncan, East Finchley, 93 and 84—177; D. Brown, of Malvern, 92 and 86—178; A. Kirkaldy, of St. Andrews, 91 and 87—178; and J. Lloyd, of Pau, 90 and 90—180.

* * *

AT Herne Hill, June 16, the London County C. and A. C. meeting was held. The best race of the day was that in the ten miles paced cycle contest, which fell to Watson after a tremendous struggle. Several records were beaten, and fresh standards were created from three miles upwards. Results:

100 Yards Flat Handicap.—H. R. Thompson, Walthamstow R., 4, 1; G. S. Crowther, Falcon H., 4½, 2. Won by a few inches. Time 10 1-5sec.

300 Yards Flat Handicap.—A. J. Arnold, Tee-To-Tum A. C., 15, 1; R. Carter, Walthamstow, 25, 2. Won by half a yard. Time 21sec.

Second-class Half Mile Cycle Handicap.—E. Hughes, Polytechnic, 90, 1; R. S. Harding, London County, 60, 2. Won by 25 yards. Time, 1min 2 3-5sec.

First-class Half Mile Cycle Handicap.—T. Osborn, London County, scratch, 1; E. A. Dodd, London County, 45, 2. Won by ten yards. Time, 1min 3 4-5sec.

One Mile Bicycle Invitation Race—F. C. Chapman, Bristol B. and T. C., 1; A. J. Watson, London County, 2; P. W. Brown, Polytechnic, 3. There was less than a yard between the three. Time, 3min 12 2-5 sec.

One Mile Flat Handicap.—G. A. Lane, Queen's Park, 130, 1; J. Sinclair, Walworth, 170, 2. Won by 15 yards. Time, 4min 12 3-5sec.

Ten Miles Cycle Race.—A. J. Watson, Polytechnic, 1; E. B. Soanes, Surrey B.C., 2; W. Heine, Polytechnic, 3. Heine and Watson kept close company until half a mile from home, when Heine was the first to crack up, and Watson, going away, won by over 100 yards. Soanes passed Heine in the last 300 yards, and beat him by 80 yards. The full time was 23min 4 2-5sec, the previous best being Stock's 23min 30sec.

* * *

IN connection with the Scottish cycling meet, which took place at Edinburgh June 16, the principal event of the races at Powderhall Grounds was the Ten Miles Championship of Scotland. There were nineteen competitors, but J. Brownlie, Glasgow Merchant, who was fancied for the event, did not start. The race all through was run at a good pace. At the third lap D. H. Simpson, Cathkin Club, came to the front and maintained his lead till the top of the final lap, where he came to grief, and Hodge, Glasgow Merchants, was left to finish alone. Time, 27min 47 4-5sec.

* * *

THE Royal Thames Yacht Club match and handicap from the Nore to Dover took place, June 16. The racing was very close from start to finish, there being only ten minutes difference between the first and last boat when they reached Dover. For the Channel match the only starters were the *Britannia*, cutter, 151 rating, belonging to the Commodore, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, and the *Satanita*, 171, belonging to Mr. A. D. Clarke, and the first prize was a piece of plate value £100. The course was from the Nore outside the Goodwin Sands, leaving all the marks on the starboard to Dover. The start was given at twenty minutes past ten, the wind, which was high, being W.S.W., and the two boats were got off well together. For three hours there was but little distance between them, but the *Britannia* then commenced to forge ahead, and at the Tongue lightship held a lead of some 23min. The wind, however, dropped and the *Satanita* lessened the gap, till the last Goodwin was reached. The *Britannia* was the first to catch the breeze when it freshened, and she again went well in front, rounding the buoy off the Admiralty Pier, Dover, 4½min before her opponent.

The official timing was: *Britannia*, 5 hours 42min 27sec; *Satanita*, 5 hours, 47min 3sec.

* * *

IT now begins to look as though the field for the "Diamond Sculls" at Henley next month would be a very large one. Already a dozen entries are assured, and it is quite possible that this may be increased 25 per cent. It will be truly a representative affair this time, as there will be English, Irish, French, and Americans contesting for the trophy. Half a dozen of this number are already located on the scene of action. Mr. Verity is there with Tom Sullivan (champion), and the Brothers Nickalls—Guy and Vivian—are taking daily work on the course, the last-named having the services of Billy Haines (of old Windsor) as trainer. The Canadians were out on June 16, and Ryan moved in much better shape than he has been doing, while the warm weather has enabled Mr. Wright to get rid of a few pounds of his superfluous.

COUNTERFEITERS COMMITTED.

SAMUEL SEYMOUR, a porter, Wm. Boleyn, and a woman bearing the historic name of Anne Boleyn, were charged on remand before Mr. Horace Smith, at Clerkenwell, with having in their possession at 23, Johnson Street, St. Pancras, implements made in the manufacture of counterfeit coin. Detective-Serjeant Nicholls arrested the two men in Gray's Inn Road on suspicion. He had previously seen them leave 23, Johnson Street, St. Pancras. He told Seymour he suspected him of being in the possession of counterfeit coin, and should search him and his companion. They had in their possession several florins and half-crowns, all good money, but noticing that one of the coins looked as if it had been used for an "impression," he took the men to the police-station. He afterwards searched the room occupied by Boleyn at 23, Johnson Street. Anne Boleyn was there, and she tried to prevent the officer making the search. She was arrested, and Detectives Nicholls and Tremblett found two moulds in the oven, a polishing board, several packets of plaster-of-Paris, some silver sand, a burnisher, a packet of metal, some acid, and other articles used by coiners. The woman when taken into custody said, "All the articles belong to me. I am not going to let my old man go away for this." She was violent and tried to bite the officers. Previous convictions were proved against the prisoners, who were committed for trial at the Central Criminal Court.

A SLICK PAIR OF VULTURES.

Two adventurers—a man and woman—have been tried in the Seine Assize Court in Paris, on a charge which is rather out of the common. They went to lodge, some months since, with a Madame Chemin, who has a large, well-furnished house in the city. After they had been some weeks in the place they invited their landlady to spend a few days with them at Trouville-on-Sea. Nothing loth to get a change of air, she accepted the invitation, and the three accordingly set out for the poplar summer resort on the Calvados Coast. The man had hired rooms in Trouville, and when the trio had been there for several days he left for Saint. Malo on urgent business. His confederate remained behind to keep Madame Chemin company. The adventurer on reaching Paris, which was his real destination, went straight to Madame Chemin's house and removed every stick of furniture from it in vans. Then he telegraphed to the woman, who, after having stolen her watch and some valuables from Madame Chemin, joined her paramour in Brussels. They did not enjoy their ill-gotten gains long, for the detectives discovered their whereabouts, an extradition warrant was obtained, and the adventurers were brought back to Paris. The man was condemned to six years' imprisonment, but the woman's trial was adjourned when half-way through, as she had to be carried out of court in a violent fit of hysterics.

ALL SORTS.

ONLY two French competitors will be seen at Henley this year, and these are both entered for the Diamond Sculls. Their names are M. Francis Boudin and M. Jacques Bondin.

* * *

At New Ross, June 15, Mr. Pant, resident magistrate, remanded Robert Flynn, the son of a farmer, of Ballinteskin, for having on the previous day, during a drunken row, kicked both eyes out of an old man named Condon, and otherwise injured him to such an extent that his life is despaired of.

* * *

GEORGE and Frederick Ferdinando, doing business as share brokers in Dublin, under the names of Harvey and French, have been sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment, charged with fraud.

COMMON GOSSIP.

The balance-sheet of the Junior Carlton Club for the year ending December 31 last contains some curious items, not the least amusing of which is a charge of thirteen guineas for snuff and toothpicks.

* * *

A woman named McArthur, residing in Govan, inspected Lord Dunraven's *Valkyrie*, which is lying in dry dock. On returning across a narrow gangway she was seized with giddiness and fell into the dock (30ft), sustaining a fractured skull and internal injuries, which resulted fatally.

* * *

The houses of two farmers named Dillane and McElligott, living at a place near Listowel, called Lyreacrompane, were visited by a band of armed and disguised men and two guns were taken away. The moonlighters politely promised to return the guns when the "business" on their hands was done.

* * *

A scene-shifter named Lear fell down the steps of the Trafalgar Theatre, June 14, and died. It is believed that he had a fit. He was well known among this class of workers by the illustrious title of "King Lear," and he unfortunately leaves unprovided for a wife and more children than Providence bestowed upon that ill-starred monarch.

* * *

John Osborn Bellars, aged 60, a chemist, lately residing and carrying on business at Poplar House, High Street, Leighton, Essex, was found lying dead on the footpath in Arundel Square, Barnsbury. He had poisoned himself. He had a farthing in his possession. Deceased seven years ago was a man of wealth, but he lost most of his money owing to his love of horse-racing and betting.

* * *

At Croydon, John Evans, an old man of 76, was fined £23 18s., including costs, for obtaining relief from the Croydon Guardians since 1887 to the value of £67, by asserting that he was destitute. It was proved that in May he withdrew £190 from the Birkbeck Bank, which closed an account opened in 1875. The enforcement of the penalty was suspended for a week to enable Evans to arrange with the guardians.

* * *

A cruel and terrible case of lynching has occurred at Blackshear, in the State of Georgia. A negro who was suspected of having assaulted a little white girl was captured by the mob, and, despite his protestations of innocence, was speedily hanged to the nearest tree. The mob, in their frenzy, were not satisfied with this; they cut the man down before he had succumbed, and, whilst firmly tied, his skin was cut by half a dozen of his inhuman tormentors and deliberately peeled from him. The fellow, despite his terrible injuries, lived in horrible agony six hours.

* * *

At Bradfield College, Francis Cecil Mills, 18, son of a Warwickshire clergyman, was found dead in the rifle armory. He had shot himself with a rifle, having pulled the trigger with his foot. At the inquest the college doctor said Mills was consumptive. He had been operated upon some years ago for peritonitis, and he probably suffered from tubercular irritation of the membranes of the brain. The head master, Rev. H. B. Gray, said the lad had been suspended from his duties as prefect for four weeks because he had been detected "cribbing."

* * *

John Atkin, accountant, and William John Steff, of Bury Road, Wood Green, clerk, on bail, were charged at the Mansion House, the former with keeping an office at 11, Queen Victoria Street for the purpose of betting, and Steff with assisting in the business. After the police had deposed to the finding of betting papers, Mr. Soper pleaded that the business was only a very small one, and that the office had now been closed. Steff was only a clerk in Atkin's employ at a salary of 15s. per week.

The Lord Mayor fined Atkin £100 and Steff £3. The money was paid.

* * *

New regulations have just been issued for the settlement of disputes between Russian officers. They provide for the appointment of a court of honour, consisting of officers, which will determine the question whether a duel is unavoidable or not. Should the decision be in the affirmative, any officer declining to accept the challenge will be dismissed the service. A report upon duels between officers is in future to be made to the Minister of War, who, in concert with the Minister of Justice, may appeal to the Emperor to stop any legal proceedings resulting from the hostile encounter.

* * *

An application to commit Mr. Leo Stormont, the well-known music-hall artiste, for the non-payment of a judgment debt, came before the Westminster County Court. The treasurer of the London Pavilion proved that he had paid Mr. Stormont since the date of the judgment £166, and he had future engagements for 22 weeks at the music hall at £10 a week. He also had received £70 from the Tivoli before May last. The artiste said he had made engagements with the halls in question, and could not sing elsewhere. He regretted he had entered into the contracts. Judge Lumley Smith would not commit. He made an order for payment in monthly instalments of £5.

* * *

A Russian gentleman who went recently to the Yung-low-tung tea district to make observations on the Chinese mode of preparing tea was nearly stoned to death by a native mob. He was only saved by the action of his two native servants, who carried him in an unconscious state, amidst a shower of stones, to the magistrate's yamên. The mob tried to force the doors of the yamên, but some native soldiers arrived in time to prevent their doing so. No provocation preceded the attack, and the only probable explanation is that the gentleman was employed by a Russian firm who bought a number of tea plants last year, and the natives attacked him in the fear of losing their livelihood.

* * *

The adjourned inquest on the body of Gertrude Isabella Woodcock, aged nineteen years, who committed suicide on the railway line at Walthamstow, was held by Mr. C. C. Lewis, June 11. The deceased gave birth to a child in West Ham Workhouse, and it was afterwards found dead in Wanstead Park. In a pocket-book found on the body of the girl was an entry containing her "dying curses" on a certain man whom she named, adding: "May my spirit haunt him to his dying day, for he was the root of my downfall!" The man named denied that he had been unduly intimate with the deceased, and said he gave her up because of her conduct with other men. The jury returned a verdict of suicide while of unsound mind, and expressed dissatisfaction with the man's statement.

* * *

At the Marlborough Street Police Court, June 12, Percy Charles Courtenay, a commission agent, of Lewisham High Road, was charged on a warrant with having used threats to his wife, Matilda Alice Victoria Courtenay. Mr. T. Beard appeared for Mrs. Courtenay, who is better known as Miss Marie Lloyd. Inspector Tildesley said that he arrested Courtenay the day previous in Chandos Street. On hearing the charge he remarked, "Yes, I believe there is something of the kind. I intended giving myself up." Mrs. Courtenay was at present performing in Dublin, and had telegraphed that she could not attend. The prisoner, however, objected to be bound over, and the sworn information of the complainant was read over. In it she said: "On June 7, at midnight, in Wardour Street, Percy Charles Courteny, using some most obscene language to me, said, 'I'm going to murder you to-night,' and repeated this threat several times. My uncle, Mr. George Archer, had to protect me from my husband." Mr. Hannay then remanded the prisoner, offering to accept bail in two sureties of £25 each for his re-appearance.

THE "COPERS" AT WORK.

Methods Used to Dispose of Worthless Horseflesh at Inflated Prices.

(Subject of Illustration.)

There is no element held so much in contempt by legitimate horse dealers as the "copers." They are ever on the alert for people who drop in town seeking a horse, and once their clutches are fairly set upon a victim, he is pretty sure to be fleeced. The tale the sharpers pitch frequently sounds plausible even to a business man. A woman is often worked into a deal as a confederate, and we have heard of an instance where a child has brought tears to her eyes and pleaded for mamma not to sell the horse. If a coper tells you he is selling a horse for a gentlemen who was compelled to give up driving, it is odds on that the gentleman in question is receiving free board and working for the Crown. If a horse is recommended to go all gaits under saddle, it is an even deal he won't go any gait, whilst the one that can be handled by the most timid person is the very "plug" that will make your hair stand on an end to go near him. The "family" horse is a good type of a runaway, whilst the excellent traveller will surely stop to feed wherever there is grass. Some of the "copers" have the swindling game down to a science, because they can doctor up an animal so he will look as fine as any horse that plods through Rotten Row. If they find a man don't bite freely, they will have a confederate posted to request the "mug" to buy the horse for him and that naturally urges the "mug" into driving the bargain for himself. If a too inquisitive man falls in their pathway he has to beat a hasty retreat or he is beaten for his desire for knowledge. So long as the "mug" element exist there are sure to be "copers," and that means for ever, because it is an old saying that "there is a 'mug' born every minute, and two sharps born to bilk him."

CON GRIFFITHS.

A Wrestler who Challenges the World at Lancashire Style for £100.

(With Portrait.)

Con Griffiths, clever wrestler and boxer, was born in London thirty years ago. He scales in condition at 10st. Griffiths first commanded public attention as a boxer, and won two open 10st competitions given by Mick Welch; won Langham's open 10st competition; was runner up to Jack McCarthy in Welch's heavy-weight competition; beat C. Jacobs in the old style in 45min; beat G. Thompson in the old style in 15min; met Jem Walters in a boxing and wrestling match. Griffiths won three events—the boxing bout in 12 rounds, and the wrestling at Lancashire and Cumberland and Westmoreland styles.

Beat Ted Hicks in four rounds; beat Jack Smith, of Cornwall, in a Lancashire wrestling match at Cambridge, after a severe contest; threw J. Alcott, of Carlisle, twice in succession, Lancashire style, at Cambridge, and won; fought a six round draw with Ted Dorkins; beaten by Bunnyan at cat... -catch-can wrestling at the National Sporting Club; wrestled in the heavy-weight championship at the Sporting Club, and after a 25 minutes' struggle with Jack Smith, the referee induced the men to toss to see who should have the bout. Smith won the toss. Beat Alec Young in a wrestling match. Griffiths has figured in several 10st 4lb boxing competitions with varying success.

He offers to wrestle any man in the world at 10st 6lb, Lancashire style, for £100 a-side.

A GLOVE FIGHT INTERRUPTED.

A Hotel Keeper Discovers a Battle in Progress in his Coffee Room at Midnight.

(Subject of Illustration.)

"Something out of the usual routine of a hotel business was enacted recently at a hostelry convenient to this city," writes a Manchester correspondent. "The night porter of the hotel in question, being of a sportive turn of mind, gave his pals the privilege of pulling off a glove fight in the coffee room about two o'clock the other morning. The affair was conducted in an extremely orderly manner, and would no doubt have passed off all right, had it not been for the seconds of the men beginning to urge the respective fighters into forcing the pace. The noise awoke the proprietor out of his slumbers, and thinking his servant was in distress and required aid, he descended to the coffee room in night attire and surprised the gathering. His anger knew no bounds when he realised what was taking place, and after ordering the company to leave at once, he informed the porter to go too. He threatens having all concerned arrested if the affair becomes generally known.

MR. JOSEPH SCALES.

A Reliable Turf Accountant who is an All Round Sportsman.

(With Portrait.)

It is due mainly to the patronage of good reliable sportsmen that pugilism has been elevated to such a high standard, and the more intelligent boxers realise this fact, and cater to that class. Mr. Joseph Scales figures as a gentleman who is highly respected as a thorough sportsman, and boxers who are fortunate enough to secure him as a financial friend feel proud of their luck. When George Corfield fought Billy Moore at Sheffield, the latter was backed to the tune of £400 by Mr. Scales, and when the verdict went against the clever Londoner, he was by no means forsaken, because Mr. Scales not only extended what sympathy he could, but presented Moore with a costly and handsome diamond medal, as a recognition of Moore's sterling worth as a pugilist and a courageous lad.

Mr. Scales was born in Manchester, in 1858, and when a young man he joined the Salford Harriers, and took to running short distances. He proved a successful amateur, because in a short space of time he had won fully fifty first prizes. From an amateur runner he blossomed forth as a bookmaker, though in 1882, he came to London and purchased the Star Music Hall, Bermondsey, for £17,000.

After reconstructing the building he disposed of it at a handsome profit, and again took up bookmaking, a business he has since followed. Being a member of nearly all the sporting clubs in London and Brighton, he is in touch with the entire sporting fraternity, and, aside from making a book, he executes heavy commissions for many prominent Turf men.

Mr. Scales is a member of the Essex Coursing Club, and has given many prizes to be coursed for, the last one being captured by Col. North's dog at Clacton-on-Sea last January.

MISS VESTA TILLEY.

A Music-Hall Favourite who scored a Success in America.

(With Portrait.)

By her graceful manner Miss Vesta Tilley scored a big success in New York, and, after a most prosperous season, she returns to London. Miss Tilley is one of the cleverest music-hall performers we ever had, and sings her descriptive songs in men's apparel with such dash that she scores a hit wherever she appears. She is popular all over the kingdom, and patrons of music-halls will hail with delight her return to England.

WAR ON BOOK CANVASSERS.

A Melbourne Physician's Method to Drive Them from his Office.

(Subject of Illustration.)

"We have a physician here," says a Melbourne correspondent, "who uses rather a strange method to drive away the book canvassers and agents from his office. He has the skeleton of a man, and when one of the undesirable visitors calls he grasps the skeleton and pushes it before the intruder. He well nigh frightened a book canvasser into a fit the other day. The lad who attends the door never refuses any of them admittance, because he enjoys the fun too much."

THRASHED FOR DISAPPOINTING A BRIDE.

How Citizens Treated a Bridegroom for not Keeping his Appointment.

(Subject of Illustration.)

The little town of Geneva, Ala., is all stirred up over a wedding that didn't take place. Ed. Conway and Miss Lizzie Lunsford were to have been married. Friends gathered at the home of the bride. The minister was there, the bride was ready, and the supper was spread, but the groom failed to materialize. A delegation was sent out to look for him, and when found and interviewed, he said that he had declined the idea of the marriage. The party dispersed and the bride was heart-broken. Later, a party of men called on the groom, led him to the woods, and, buckling him to a tree, gave him a sound thrashing.

THE FREE LIST WAS SUSPENDED.

A Theatrical Manager's Device to Shut out Dead-heads.

(Subject of Illustration.)

"The most curious incident I ever experienced," said a music hall artist the other day, "was whilst showing in one of the provincial towns. The local manager had been worried considerably for passes by citizens, who advanced all manner of excuses to show they were entitled to recognition. The manager finally became so exasperated that he had a sign posted, 'Nothing but the air admitted free.' It didn't go with the dead-heads, who were as persistent as ever, so the door-keeper, on perceiving a free pass fiend approach, would shout, 'You can't get in without a ticket, because the gov'nor says nothing but air goes through this door without paying.'"

WILLIE SMITH.

Champion 8st 2lb Pugilist of Great Britain.

(With Portrait.)

Willie Smith, champion at 8st 2lb, was born in London twenty-three years ago, and stands 5ft 5in. About four years ago he took to boxing, and made his début at Tom Symonds'. The engagement that first brought him into notice was a four rounds contest, in which he took part against Charley Mansford, of Mile End, at the Blue Anchor, Shoreditch. Mansford was a very clever customer about that time, but the summary manner in which Smith dealt with his opponent, and won as he liked, stamped him as an exceedingly useful lad. Some time after this he won a competition promoted by Ben Hyams, at the Goodwin Club, and subsequently, in the summer of 1892, he won Frank Hinde's 8st 2lb competition, at the Central Hall, Holborn, beating in turn Charley Roberts, Charley Ingram, and Tim Sullivan in the hollowest fashion. On October 5, 1892, Smith defeated Tom Gardner, of St. George's, in ten rounds, for £400, and the 8st 2lb championship, at the Kennington Social Club. He was placed into enforced idleness owing to an inability to get a customer within a few pounds of his weight until June 4, when he met Johnny Ryan for £100 a-side and an added purse of £100, at the National Sporting Club, when Smith won with ridiculous ease in three rounds. He is a remarkably clever lad, a punishing hitter, and knows every inch of a ring. Smith bars no man in the world at even weight.

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A Hotel Keeper Discovers a Battle in Progress in his Coffee Room at Midnight.

OXFORD v. YALE.

International College Sports.

C. B. Fry, Oxford.

It is definitely settled that the Yale athletic team will meet the Oxford team in a series of athletic contests at the Queen's Club Grounds, London, July 16.

Maclane Van Ingen, Yale

representative, conferred with Mr. Fry at Oxford some time since, and after a meeting of the Oxford University Athletic Association it was definitely decided to name a date for the field competitions, and the Yale team have agreed to the conditions put forth, which are as follows: The contest shall be composed of nine events, viz.: Flat Races (One Mile, Half-mile, Quarter-mile, 100 Yards), Hurdle Race (120 Yards, 10 Flights), Broad Jump, High Jump, Putting the Weight (16lb), Throwing the Hammer (16lb, total length, 3ft 6in).

There shall be not more than two competitors to represent each University in each event.

The order of the events and the selection of the officials shall be decided by mutual arrangement, after the arrival of the Yale team in England.

The Yale team will sail on board the steamer *New York* on the 20th inst. The following are the names of the team and the events in which they will compete: Pond, 100yds; Woodhull, half-mile running; Morgan, mile running; L. Cady, 120yds hurdles; Hickok and Brown, throwing the hammer and putting the shot; Sheldon, long jump; E. Cady, high jump.

Captain W. O. Hickok.

is over six feet tall, and a member of the university football team. He weighs 15st. He holds both intercollegiate records in the hammer and the shot. He threw the former 123 feet 8 inches, and put the latter 42 feet at the Berkeley Oval. Both of these records he has surpassed in practice. The English university record in the shot is held by Ware, who put it 39 feet 1 inch. The hammer record is held by Hale, who threw it 138 feet 3 inches, but this throw was made with a 30-foot run, unlimited follow, and unlimited length of handle.

Alexander Brown

is almost as good as Hickok, having defeated him in the Yale-Harvard games this year in putting the shot.

E. H. Cady is one of the most remarkable hurdlers that ever went to college. In the intercollegiates this year he ran no less than six heats in the hurdles—three in the high hurdles and three in the low, winning the former in 16sec, after having previously achieved the same figures in a trial heat, and running second to Bremer of Harvard in the 220-yard hurdles. Bremer did not run in the high hurdles, but saved himself for the 220-yard run. Cady is the fastest sprinter that Yale has this year, and has also done 5ft 10in in the high jump, but would not compete in the sprinting and jumping at the Berkeley Oval on account of his numerous hurdle heats.

J. E. Morgan

who will run a mile for Yale, has done 4.27 defeating Orton, now at the University of Pennsylvania, the Canadian and A.A.U. champion mile runner.

G. F. Sanford, the quarter-mile man, has done 50 seconds for this distance, which is noteworthy when his size is considered, his running weight being 14 stone. Sanford ran second to Merritt of Harvard in the intercollegiates. Owing to an accident, which prevented him from training, he has only been on the track two weeks. When he reaches his form he will undoubtedly better his already excellent record.

L. P. Sheldon

will contend in the jumping contests and hurdle race. He holds a record of 22ft 5in for the broad, and 5ft 10in for the high jump, and 17sec. for the high hurdles.

The following is a list of the English inter-university records in the nine events that will be held in the international contests:—

Event.	Record.	Holder.	University.
100yd dash	10s	Wharton	Durham.
440yd dash	49 4-5s	Moneypenny	Cambridge.
1 mile run	4m 54 2-5s	Cross	Oxford.
1 mile run	4m 19 4-5s	Lutyens	Cambridge.
120yd hurdle	16s	Joyce	Cambridge.
		Bulger	Dublin.
High jump	6ft 2¼in	Brooks	Oxford.
Broad jump	23ft 6¼in	Fry	Oxford.
16lb hammer	138ft 3in	Hales	Cambridge.
16lb shot	39ft 1in	Ware	Oxford.

The American intercollegiate records in the same events are:—

Event.	Record.	Holder.	University.
100yd dash	10s	Cary	Princeton.
		Wendell	Harvard.
		Sherrill	Yale.
440yd dash	49s	Shattuck	Amherst.
1-mile run	1m. 57 1-5s.	Dohm	Princeton.
1 mile run	4m. 26 4-5s.	Jarvis	Wesleyan.
120yd hurdle	15 4-5s	Williams	Yale.
High jump	6ft 1in	Fearing	Harvard.
Broad Jump	22ft 11¾in	Mapes	Columbia.
16lb hammer	123ft 8in	Hickok	Yale.
16lb shot	42ft	Hickok	Yale.

At the Oxford-Cambridge Interuniversity Athletic Meeting, held at the Queen's Club grounds last March, the records made were:—

Event.	Performance.	Winner.	University.
100yd dash	10 3-5s	Jordan	Oxford.
440yd dash	50 4-5s	Jordan	Oxford.
1 mile run	4m 19 4-5s	Lutyens	Cambridge.
120yd hurdle	16 3-5s	Oakley	Oxford.
Broad jump	22ft 4in	Fry	Oxford.
High jump	5ft 10¾in	Swanwick	Oxford.
16lb hammer	101ft 4¾in	Robertson	Oxford.
16lb shot	36ft 6in	Rivers	Oxford.

At the intercollegiate games in New York, May 24, the Yale men's records were as follows. Where they did not come in first, of course, no time can be given:—

Event	Performance	Winner
100 yd dash	No place	
440 yd dash	Second place	G. F. Sandford
1 mile run	Second place; time under 4min 30sec	J. E. Morgan
¼ mile run	Second Place	W. S. Woodhull
120 yd hurdle	15sec	E. H. Cady
Broad jump	No place	
High jump	No place	
16lb hammer	123ft 9in	W. O. Hickok
16lb shot	42ft	W. O. Hickok

By looking over the two tables only a faint idea of the ability of the men can be obtained, because in some of the events Yale did not enter men who will compete in the same events against Oxford. Cady, of Yale, can do 5ft 10¾in in the high jump, and is one of the fastest sprinters in the college, but he was not entered in either the high jump or the sprints, because he was needed for the hurdles. He ran two heats over these in 16sec each. It will also be evident from these incomplete statistics that the Yale men will have no walk over when they come to the broad jump. The Oxford representative will be C. B. Fry, who covered 22ft 4in at the inter-university games last March, and who also holds the interuniversity record of 23ft 6¼in. But the Yale men do not expect to take either of the two jumps. They pin their hopes on Hickok in the weights, and on Sanford and Cady in the sprints.

FLIRTED WITH CARRIER PIGEONS.

How a Husband Spoilt his Wife's Flirtation and Killed off a Batch of Pigeons.

(Subject of Illustrations.)

In a pleasant little town not many miles from Bath, there resides a young couple who have kept a great many pigeons, the wife claiming it being the height of her ambition to feed the pets. The husband being away a considerable portion of the time, his wife would devote hour after hour amongst her pet doves. Whilst in the pigeon house one day, a dove flew in, and had tied to its foot a note. Out of curiosity it was taken off the pigeon and a reply put on. It resulted in an acquaintance with one of the gay young men of the town, who ever afterward made appointments by sending a note by a pigeon. The husband became rather jealous of the attention bestowed upon the pets, and going into the pigeon-house he saw a carrier fly in, with a note tied to its foot. His suspicions were immediately aroused, and he fought with his wife till he got possession of the tell-tale piece of paper, upon which was inscribed, "Jennie, old place, eight to-night. George." The scene that followed was beyond description; it is sufficient to say that there were many dead birds lying about the coop with their heads wrung off, and the irate husband is now going about town searching for the George who sent that note. When he finds him there will be a lively scuffle.

A DRINK FOR MAN AND BEAST.

A Chicago Swell's Strange Freak in Treating his Horse to a Drink.

(Subject of Illustration.)

Patrons to a saloon in South Clark Street, Chicago, were given a taste of the real cowboy style the other day. A swell who was desirous of creating a sensation rode his horse up a flight of stone steps into a saloon and ordered two glasses of beer, one for the horse and one for himself. The barman dealt out the two glasses, and the horse drank his with an apparent relish, and then turned to go through the door. On descending the steps the rider was forced to exercise great care to prevent his steed from stumbling, but he finally reached the street and galloped off.

OBJECTED TO MAUD PLAYING BALL.

A Brother who Carried His Sister Bodily Off a Baseball Field.

(Subject of Illustration.)

Baseball is to America what cricket is to England, and the season is about at its height. In various portions of the States there are nines composed entirely of women, who dress in tight-fitting garments and cut quite a dash in playing.

At a game in the coal regions of Pennsylvania recently a young man who went to see the sport happened to notice his sister Maud covering first base. It struck too close to home to suit his ideas, and what he anticipated as sport soon evolved itself into a serious aspect according to his views. He lost no time in darting out to first base, and, grabbing his sister in his arms, he carried her to the dressing-room, despite the fact that she and other members of the team struggled for her release

MADE HIM GO HOME.

An Old Rake Caught in a Theatre with a Lady Friend.

Marched Home by His Spouse.

(Subject of Illustration.)

A little scene, not in the programme, was enacted at a London theatre not a great time since. An old rake who had been leading a dual life happened to escort his lady friend to a theatre, and when comfortably seated, waiting for the performance to begin, his wife entered, and catching a glimpse of her recreant spouse sitting beside his paramour, she walked down to the stalls giving her a frightful tongue lashing, at the same time ordering her liege lord to join her in a walk homeward. The audience enjoyed the scene, and all eyes were centred upon the couple as they made their exit.

WHY THE ORGAN STOPPED PLAYING.

A Lover in Embracing his Sweetheart Causes her to Forget the Congregation.

(Subject of Illustration.)

An amusing episode occurred in a church in the black country the other Sunday. It appears the lady organist had not seen her lover for some little time because of his absence in London. He returned rather unexpectedly the other Sunday and soon made his way to church to greet his sweetheart, who was in the middle of a hymn. The sudden return caused her to forget the hymn she was playing, and the couple were soon in loving embrace. They were ignorant of the fact that the congregation were enjoying a peep at the pair, till the clergyman, attracted by the scene, appealed to the pair not to keep the services waiting, and to postpone their unfinished love episode until a more convenient time.

GEORGE WILLSON.

A Leicester Publican and Retired Pugilist who Backs George Corfield.

(With Portrait.)

George Willson, who backs and manages George Corfield, the Sheffield Wonder, is one of the most popular sporting men in Leicester. He was born there on January 2, 1862, and, when quite a lad, he took to boxing. His first essay was in 1881, when he defeated Jack Brown, for £3, in 1h 49min. He next secured first in a £10 competition, confined to 9 stone men, at Floral Hall, Leicester; and at Nottingham he was beaten by George Sheriff, in a 10st competition. In Madden's competition he secured the honours by disposing of George Sheriff, Will Atkinson, Irish Champion, and Ching Ghook. Beaten by Bill Cheese in an open competition at the Blue Anchor, Shoreditch. His subsequent performances follow:—Won a 9st open competition at Leicester for £7 in prizes; won an open competition at Manchester, defeating Bill Cheese in the trial, and Anthony Diamond in the final bout; beat Jem Picton, of London, but was afterwards defeated by Ben Seth; won Kilrain and Mitchell's open 10 guinea competition for 10st men; fought an eight-round draw with Ben Seth for £100; beat J. McCarthy; beaten by Bill Whately; beat Stanton Abbott; beat Tom Euston; beaten by Sam Baxter; beat Bill Whately in eight rounds for £100; beat Alf Neal, of Birmingham; won an open 9st competition, defeating Barney Hyams, Jem Verrall, and Tom Wilson.

Willson then visited America, and was backed by Arthur Chambers, of Philadelphia. His performances in the States included a victory over Johnny Brett in two minutes; a draw with young Mitchell; beat Jack Williams; beat Jack Collins; a draw with Jack E. Dempsey, then middle-weight champion of America. On returning home he opened a public-house in Belgrave Gate, which he is proprietor of, and he acts as the backer, second, and adviser of George Corfield.

HONEST SPORTS.

A. Wilkin (captain), playing for the St. Mark's United v. Perseverance at South Mill Fields, took nine wickets for 16 runs, doing the hat trick.

* * *

Playing for All Saints' v. Northampton St. Mary's, J. Butler took seven wickets for 3 runs, performing the hat trick.

* * *

W. Pittman, Playing for Hackney Radical Athletic v. Cobden Liberals, took eight wickets for 1 run, six clean bowled.

* * *

At the Military and Hunt Steeplechases held at Berlin, June 11, which were attended by the Emperor and Empress and a distinguished company, including many Royal personages, Lieutenant Poncet, of the 10th Hussars, was thrown from his horse, sustained a severe concussion of the brain, and died in a few minutes. The mother of the unfortunate officer was present to see him ride. The sad event caused for the moment a feeling of excitement akin to a panic, and cast a complete gloom over the subsequent proceedings.

* * *

Jack McGarrigal, of Sydney, recently won a 130 yard handicap, from scratch, at Melbourne, in 12 3-5 sec. He is the fastest man they have in Australia at present, and is said to be capable of doing six yards inside of even time. He is about 6ft in height, and about 12st in weight.

* * *

The balance sheet of the Blackburn Rovers' Football Club shows receipts to be £200 less than last year, being £3,648, against £3,841. The total receipts, however, show an increase of £150, and the working expenses a decrease of £250, so that there is a profit of nearly £400 on the year. Players' wages absorbed £2,218, travelling expenses £416, and visiting teams £389. There is a balance of assets over liabilities of £431.

* * *

In a 130 yard foot handicap, decided June 9, at Victoria Grounds, Rough Hills, T. Ady, 27 yards start, finished first in the final heat; W. White, 14½ yards, was second, and S. Nicholls, 22 yards, third.

* * *

Billy, better known as Hippy Horner, has blossomed forth as a promoter of sprint handicaps. He had the trial heats of his first venture run off at Lyndon Recreation Grounds, near Birmingham, June 9. Hippy is proprietor of the Sherborne Vaults, Bolsall Heath, Birmingham.

* * *

The annual open golf championship was brought to a conclusion June 12, at Sandwich, and resulted in a victory for J. H. Taylor, of Limpsfield, who played a splendid and steady game all through the four rounds, and richly deserved his win. His score on the first day was 84 and 80, and on the second 81 and 81, this making a grand total of 326; next him came Douglas Rolland with 86 and 79 for the first day, and 84 and 82 for the second, his total being 331, Taylor thus winning by four strokes. Third place went to Andrew Kirkcaldy with 86 and 79 for the first two rounds, and 83 and 84 for the second two rounds, only one stroke behind Rolland, with 332. This is the first occasion on which an English professional has won the open championship. There was a large attendance, but scarcely so great as might have been looked for on so important an occasion.

* * *

A ten miles handicap running race was decided in London, June 11, for £10 in prizes, and drew together less than 200 people. E. Shepherd, Hingham, with 550 yards start, finished first in 54m 36sec; Len Hurst, Sittingbourne, scratch, was second; T. Perkins, Brompton, 700 yards, third.

* * *

The statement made by Mr. Peter Moss, of Camberwell Road, regarding English Tonsorial Artists, has been the means of creating quite a rumpus amongst our knights of the razor, and it now looks as though the men will get together and fully determine who is the champion at rapid and clean shaving. Mr. Moss states he is prepared to prove that the foreign element is far in advance of the home talent at clean and rapid shaving. As Mr. Rymer and Mr. Steele dispute his claim, a contest of an unusual amount of interest will be the result.

* * *

Thomas Steele, of 27, Three Colts Lane, Bethnal Green, writes that he "will meet Moss at the office of The Mirror of Life, Thursday, June 21, and arrange for a date and place to decide the ownership of the trophy to be given by The Mirror of Life, and when we meet in a contest I'll convince Moss that Englishmen are more proficient in handling the razor than any talent that comes from abroad. If Moss wants a single-handed match I'll make one for from £3 upwards. Any other foreigner can be accommodated, too; because I'm an Englishman, and propose to show the public that strangers can't come here to learn us what we already know better than they."

James Rymer, the Marvel of Mile End, called at The Mirror of Life office and said: "Please notify Mr. Moss that I shall be prepared to meet him at your office at 4 p.m., Thursday, June 21, and enter into an agreement for a contest for The Mirror of Life trophy, and will wager any sum of money he chooses to name that I defeat him at rapid and clean shaving. He says that Englishmen can only keep one chair going, whilst the foreigners coming here can do with several. That's correct on his part, because an Englishman can do as much work, single handed, in ten hours as four foreigners can accomplish in the same time. It is not necessary for me to slunk off in a back street with good money backing, because on October 25, 1887, I did accomplish in public the feat of shaving 100 men in 48 min 46sec, without cuts, and using English tools. I am entitled to championship honours at rapid and clean shaving until defeated. Teddy Wick and W. Lloyd don't dare meet me in a contest, and I trust Moss will not cave in at the last moment too. I had a deposit posted ten weeks in support of a challenge to the world, but no one ever covered it."

* * *

In the Northern Lawn Tennis Tournament at Liverpool Cricket Ground, on June 13, the principal contest was the Ladies' Single Championship, in which Mrs. Hillyard, the ex-champion of England, defeated Miss Jackson, the Champion of Scotland, by 6—0, 6—2.

* * *

K. F. M'Crae, the Australian amateur champion, who has run 880 yards in 1min 59sec, is in New York, and will contend in the open amateur races there this season.

* * *

In order to resuscitate pedestrianism in the Midlands the Midland Pedestrian Company will give the sum of £50, to be run for on Saturday and Monday, July 21 and 23, at Lea Brook Grounds, Wednesbury. First prize, £40; second, £6; third, £2 10s.; fourth, £1·10s. Entrance, 2s. 6d. each, "no acceptance." Entries to be made at Mr. G. Allen's Miners' Arms, Tipton; Mr. T. Robinson's Plough Vaults, Bilston; Mr. T. Thorp's Dog and Gun, Sheffield; Mr. R. Ford's Tontine Hotel, Sheffield; or at the grounds.

Entries close July 4, Thursday morning's post in time. The grounds are close to the railway stations. Should this handicap prove successful, £100 will be given—Sheffield rules—a little later in the season.

HEAVY WINNER ON LADAS.

The supposed largest winner upon Ladas for last week's Derby is, strange to say, a man who is nearly eighty years old. Forty or fifty years ago Major the Honourable Robert Needham, uncle to the present Earl of Kilmorey, was a smart officer in the 12th Lancers, and widely known as a heavy and generally unfortunate backer of horses at every race meeting which he attended. Always eccentric in his habits, he was for a long time a familiar figure in the neighbourhood of Belgravia, where he walked about the streets accompanied by a couple of tame goats, which followed him everywhere, and were as intelligent as dogs. In 1874 he married a wealthy widow, who died in 1884, and in 1893 he married *en secondes noces* the widow of one of his old brother officers. In his old age, and without ever going on to a racecourse, he seems to have taken to betting with more success than in his earlier years. It is said that in the last few years he has won altogether about £40,000, which, he complains to his friends, is now of no use to him. His last bet was £5,000 to £2,000, which he took in the winter about Lord Rosebery's Ladas for the Derby.

"Who is that young man standing over there by the door?" inquired the lady in black.

"Let me see," replied the modern and advanced girl, observing the young man critically through her lorgnette. "His face is familiar. Why, I believe that's the young man I'm engaged to."

* * *

Freddie: "You say you are sure Miss Evingston takes great pleasure in your company."

"The bore—Sure. Why last night she told me it seemed to her that an hour spent with me was equal to a year spent with anyone else."

* * *

"She's as pretty as a picture," said the young man."

"Yes," replied the young woman, with a glance at her rival's complexion, "hand painted, too."

* * *

"You'll have to wear spectacles," said the doctor.

"I pwefer a monocle," said Chappie.

"But both of your eyes are affected," observed the doctor.

"Then I shall wear two monocles," said Chappie.

* * *

He: "May I kiss you?"

She: "I don't know."

He: (a moment later): "You know more now than you did, don't you?"

NOT GENERALLY KNOWN.

— That W. R. Toft, of the Anfield B.C., beat the London to Brighton and back tricycle record by over an hour, his time being 6h 21min 30sec.

— That R. H. Fry, the bookmaker, worked a big commission on Amiable for the Oaks.

— That Charley White has his horses at Epsom.

— That Lord Ribblesdale has plans to improve the Ascot course by the formation of a new straight mile, and has done his best to get the running ground smooth and level for the present meeting.

— That the bookmakers had a hard time of it Epsom week, and many feel pretty blue over heavy losses.

— That in Epsom there is a tradesman who saw Mameluke win the Derby in 1827, and who saw Ladas win it in 1894, and has not missed a single Derby between these two dates. The veteran sportsman has thus witnessed sixty-eight consecutive Derbies, which is about a record.

— That three miners were fined 10s. each at Bishop Auckland for cock fighting.

— That Matchbox should win the Grand Prix du Paris Sunday.

— That Willie Smith, 8st 2lb champion, is rusticating with friends in the country.

— That Baron Hirsch wishes it to be understood that he is sole proprietor of Matchbox.

— That H. Byrne, who won the two miles steeplechase at the Civil Service sports, is a son of the General Bryne who will be remembered by sportsmen as the owner of that fine horse Amphion.

— That Martin Denny will wager £100 of his own money that he can defeat Arthur Valentine at 9st 4lb.

— That John Watts, the jockey, is going to build a new house at Newmarket, near the Cemetery.

— That the Pensioner committee have acted wisely in offering £1,000 reward. Could not the leading bookmakers compare their respective volumes over the race and try and give the committee a little assistance if possible.

— That Vesta Tilley has returned to London after a successful season in the States.

— That The Mirror of Life would like to receive information that Corbett and Jackson really meant fight.

— That Ladas has nothing to fear for the Princess of Wales' Stakes on July 5 at Newmarket. He can win both that and the Eclipse Stakes if Lord Rosebery wills it. If he is to secure the St. Leger, however, he will probably forego one of these stakes, for it is highly dangerous to have a horse up to the mark in July, and then ask him to win a big race at Doncaster.

— That Pitcher, who finished second to Amandier in last year's Royal Hunt Cup, is a certain starter for the big race at Ascot.

— That Josiah Haines, of the Butchers' Almshouses, Walham Green, is 97 years of age. He went to Epsom, however, to see Ladas win, not having missed a Derby for 73 years.

— That the Anti-Gambling League received a set-back in the Northampton prosecutions.

— That Billy Edwards, light-weight champion pugilist of America in 1870, will visit his home in Lancashire shortly.

— That Austin Gibbons was recently bested by Charley Johnson at Norfolk, Virginia, and police interference saved him from defeat.

— That Jake Kilrain is managing Gehring, a Baltimore light-weight, who he wants to back to fight Stanton Abbott.

— That George Dixon and Walter Edgerton, the Kentucky Rosebud, are to fight twenty rounds at Boston, June 29, and the men are to scale not to exceed 8st 6lb each in weight.

— That Young Griffo, the Australian pugilist, now in the States, scales 11 stone.

— That Lillian Russell has become confirmed in her belief that marriage with Perugini, the picturesque tenor, was a mistake, and has resolved to sue for a divorce. It is understood that cruelty will be the charge, and that the papers will be filed speedily.

— That Joe Walcott, the coloured pugilist, who whipped Tom Tracey, is to fight Mike Harris ten rounds at Boston, June 29, and the men are to scale within 10 stone each.

— That a New York Exchange says:—"The only interpretation that can be placed on Corbett's declaration is that Corbett is either bluffing to bull the English prices, or that he has determined never to meet Jackson. The latter conclusion is fully warranted by prevailing conditions. Corbett knows that Peter will not fight in the South, and the easiest way out of the dilemma, if such he regards it, is for the champion to say he will fight in Florida or not at all, and that will amount to a declaration of prolonged and uninterrupted peace."

— That Con Riorden and Jack Slavin are matched to fight at catch weights for a 1,000 dollar purse, given by Billy Madden, near New York city.

PHUNNYGRAPHS.

Cora: "That Jack Mashem you introduced me to the other night is awfully bold; kisses every girl he meets."

Her Brother (sternly): "Who told you?"

Cora (blushing): "Oh, I had it from his own lips."

* * *

"He is distinctly eligible."

"What is he worth?"

"Oh, he's entirely worthless—but he's rich!"

* * *

She: "If I were to die young would you marry again, George?"

He: "You needn't worry, you'll never die young, my love."

* * *

She: "George, do you know that you snore?"

He: "Do I? I'm sorry to hear it."

She: "So am I."

* * *

He: "Pshaw, I could kiss you right under your mother's nose."

She: "I should very much prefer, Harry, that you kiss me under my own."

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